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Popular British Ballads

For forty days and forty nights
He wade thro' red blude to the knee,
And he saw neither sun nor moon,
But heard the roaring of the sea.

THOMAS THE RHYMER.

POPULAR

BRITISH BALLADS

ANCIENT AND MODERN

CHOSEN BY
R BRIMLEY JOHNSON
ILLUSTRATED BY
W CUBITT COOKE

IN FOUR VOLUMES

VOL. II

LONDON J.M. DENT & Cº
ALDINE HOUSE, 69 GTEASTERN ST. EC
MDCCCXCIV

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XII. Minstrelsy of the Scottish Border: consisting of historical and romantic ballads, collected in the southern counties of Scotland; with a few of modern date, founded upon local tradition. Edited by Sir Walter Scott. 1802-1803.

THOMAS THE RHYMER 1

[The Tytler-Brown MS., No. I.]

Thomas of Erceldoune or Thomas the Rhymer has been regarded as a seer for about six hundred years, and "during the fourteenth, fifteenth, and sixteenth centuries," says Chambers, "to fabricate a prophecy in the name of Thomas the Rhymer appears to have been found a good stroke of policy on many occasions." Moreover, there is evidence of the existence of a real person named Thomas Rymer de Ercildune, who must have been alive in the thirteenth century. Various prophecies attributed to Thomas have been preserved.

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THE BONNY HIND 5

[Herd's MSS. in the British Museum, II. fol. 65.]

Herd transcribed this ballad three times "from the mouth of a milkmaid in 1771." It was imperfectly printed by Scott, and versions of the missing stanzas were given by Motherwell in the introduction to his Minstrelsy.

KING HENRY 8

[Scott's *Minstrelsy of the Scottish Border*, II. 132.]

Monk Lewis re-wrote this ballad, under title of *Courteous King Jamie*, for his *Tales of Wonder*, 1801, where it first came out. It resembles *The Marriage of Sir Gawain*.

WILLY'S LADY 13

[Tytler's MSS.]

This ballad was re-written by Monk Lewis for his *Tales of Wonder*.

THE DÆMON LOVER 17

[Scott's *Minstrelsy*, II. 427.]

Buchan gives this ballad the title of *James Herries*, and slightly varies the story.

THE WIFE OF USHER'S WELL 21

[Scott's *Minstrelsy*, II. 111.]

This ballad has, by Chambers, been combined with *The Clerk's Twa Sons of Owsenford*.

CLERK SAUNDERS 24

[Herd's MSS. in the British Museum, I. 177.]

Sweet William's Ghost is often printed as the conclusion of this ballad, but the two should be kept apart.

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LORD DONALD 30

[Kinlock's *Ancient Scottish Ballads*, 110.]

This ballad is known also as *Lord Randal*, *The Croodlin Doo*, etc. It recalls *Edward*, *Edward*. It has been conjectured that Donald was poisoned by eating toads prepared as fishes.

FINE FLOWERS IN THE VALLEY 33

[Johnson's Museum, 331.]

This beautiful fragment is also known as *The Cruel Mother* or *Lady Anne*. The refrain in Motherwell's *Minstrelsy* is —

Three, three, and three by three ;
Three, three, and thirty-three.

YOUNG HUNTING 35

[Herd's MSS., II. 67.]

Variously known as *Young Redin*, *Lord William*, *Earl Richard*, *Clyde's Water*, or *Lord John*.

THE TWA CORBIES 39

[Scott's *Minstrelsy*, III. 239.]

These verses have been frequently regarded as a traditionary form of *The Three Ravens*, but Scott was right in calling them "rather a counterpart than a copy of the other." "They sound," as Prof. Child says, "something like a cynical variation of the tender little English ballad."

THE DOWIE DENS OF YARROW 40

[Abbotsford MS.]

Sometimes called *The Braes* or *Glens of Yarrow*. Tradition connects this ballad with certain events in the history of a brave knight called Scott, and Sir Walter expressed a conviction that it refers to a duel between John Scott of Tushielaw, and his brother-in-law, Walter Scott of Thirlestane. These Scotts lived in the seventeenth century, but there is no satisfactory evidence for regarding them as the heroes of the story.

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GRÆME AND BEWICK 44

[Scott's *Minstrelsy*, III. 69.]

"This ballad," says Scott, "is remarkable as containing probably the very latest allusion to the institution of brotherhood in arms."

LAMENT OF THE BORDER WIDOW 51

[Scott's *Minstrelsy*, III. 93.]

These verses are, perhaps, a portion of *The Famous Flower of Serving Men*, somewhat expanded.

FAIR ANNIE 53

[Scott's *Minstrelsy*, II. 102.]

Known also as *Lord Thomas and Fair Annie*, *Burd Helen*, *Lady Jane*, and *The Fause Lord*.

THE GAY GOSHAWK 59

[Jamieson-Brown MS., fol. 15, No. 6.]

Better known as *The Jolly Goshawk*.

BROWN ADAM 65

[Jamieson-Brown MS., fol. 17.]

THE LAIRD O' LOGIE 68

[Scott's *Minstrelsy*, III. 128.]

Wemyss of Logie took part in a conspiracy (1592) against James VI., conducted by Francis Stewart, Earl of Bothwell. He was caught and imprisoned, but his lady-love, Mistress Margaret Twinslace, a Danish lady of the Court, arranged his escape, and the Queen stood by her maid, refusing to give her up when requested.

JOHNNIE OF BREADISLEE 71

[Scott's *Minstrelsy*, III. 114.]

Scott conjectures that the hero of this ballad was "an outlaw and deer-stealer, probably one of the broken-out men residing upon the Border." He is sometimes said to have "possessed the old castle of Morton, in Dumfries-shire, now ruinous."

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KINMONT WILLY 76

[Scott's *Minstrelsy*, I. 111.]

This ballad celebrates an exploit of Sir Walter Scott of Branxholm, laird of Buccleuch, which "fell out the thirteenth of April 1596." One William Armstrong or Will of Kinmonth, a notorious plunderer, on that year accompanied Robert Scott, the deputy of the Laird of Buccleuch, the Keeper of Lidisdale, for the purpose of holding conference with Mr Salkeld, the deputy of Lord Scroop, English Warden of the West Marches, concerning the affairs of the Border. Disregarding the truce, always granted on such occasions, the English pursued Kinmont Willy on his return, and, in spite of numerous applications, refused to give him up. Buccleuch finally took the law into his own hands after the fashion described in the ballad.

XIII. Popular Ballads and Songs, from tradition, manuscripts, and scarce editions; with translations of similar pieces from the ancient Danish language, and a few originals by the editor, by Robert Jamieson. 1806.

THE DROWNED LOVERS 84

[Skene MS., p. 50.]

Sometimes called *Clyde's Water*, *Willie and May Margaret*, or, *The Mother's Malison*. From fuller and less authentic versions we learn that May Margaret followed her lover and was drowned with him.

THE TWA BROTHERS 87

[Sharpe's *Ballad Book*, p. 56.]

Sometimes called *The Cruel Brother*, or *John and William*.

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THE LAIRD OF WARISTOUN 89

[Jamieson's *Popular Ballads*, I. 109.]

Jean Livingston, being filled with hatred against her husband, John Kincaid, "for the alleged biting of her in the arm, and striking her divers time," arranged, with the assistance of her nurse Janet Murdo, that he should be killed by one Robert Weir, formerly servant to her father. The murder was committed on July 2, 1600; after which all the parties were taken and speedily executed. There is extant a curious account of these events (*A Memorial of the Conversion of Jean Livingston, Lady Waristoun*, etc., printed from the Manuscript by C. K. Sharpe, Edinburgh, 1827) from which it appears that Jean, who was then aged 21, became a "dear saint of God" during the last few days of her life.

YOUNG BEICHAN AND SUSIE PYE 91

[Jamieson-Brown MS., fol. 13.]

A modern version of this story, called *The Loving Ballad of John Bateman*, was illustrated by George Cruikshank in 1839; and by some editors it is called *Young Bondwell*. It agrees in its main outline with the well-known legend about Gilbert Becket, father of St Thomas, who was taken captive by the Saracens and beloved by the daughter of Prince Admiraud. Every one remembers that, after his escape, she followed him with no knowledge of English beyond the two words, Gilbert and London, and became his wife.

LIZZIE LINDSAY 96

[Jamieson-Brown MS., App. p. ii.]

This fragment has been more or less completed by various Editors in the same spirit; from all of whom we learn that "Young Donald" was indeed

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"a lord of high degree." Burns sent an opening stanza with an air to Johnson's *Museum*—

"Will ye go to the Highlands, Leezie Lindsay,
Will ye go to the Highands wi' me?
Will ye go to the Highlands, Leezie Lindsay,
My pride and my darling to be."

THE BIRTH OF ROBIN HOOD 98

[Jamieson's *Popular Ballads*, II. 44.]

This ballad does not belong to the recognised cycle of Robin Hood ballads, but it may be appreciated on its own merits.

THE BARON OF BRACKLEY 101

[Jamieson's *Popular Ballads*, I. 102.]

This ballad is founded on a quarrel which took place on September 16, 1666, between the "amiable" John Gordon of Brackley and the "passionate" Farquharson of Inverey. Brackley had poinded some straying horses of Farquharson's, and the two arranged a meeting to argue the point at issue; but some offensive expressions were made use of, and the conversation ended in a free fight.

CHILD VYET 105

[*North Countrie Garland*, by Maidment, p. 24.]

Sometimes called *Lord Ingram and Chiel Vyet* or *Auld Ingram*.

ROBIN HOOD AND THE MONK 112

[Cambridge MS., Ff. 5, 48, fol. 128*b*.]

We have this ballad in an exceptionally pure form in consequence of its having been written down so early, possibly in the reign of Edward II.

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XIV. Scottish Historical and Romantic Ballads, chiefly ancient, by John Finlay, 2 vols. 1808.

THE BONNY HOUSE OF AIRLY 128

[Finlay's *Scottish Ballads*, II. 25.]

This ballad is a free rendering of certain events which took place in 1640, when the Committee of Estates, of whom Montrose was one, commissioned the Earl of Argyle to take up arms against certain "enemies to religion," the Earl of Airly and others. Argyle made the order an occasion for pillage and extended his operations to the house of Lord Ogilvie, Airly's eldest son.

Argyle appears also in the ballad of *Geordie*.

BONNY JAMES CAMPBELL 130

[Herd's MSS., I. 40.]

XV. Select Scottish Songs, ancient and modern, with critical and biographical notes by Robert Burns. Edited by R. H. Cromek. 1810.

HIND HORN 131

[Motherwell's MS., p. 106.]

This ballad is an abridgment of the ancient metrical romance *The Gest of King Horn* which, with other poems and ballads about this sovereign, was reprinted for the Bannatyne club by Michel—*Horn et Rimenhild*, Paris, 1845.

In Motherwell's *Minstrelsy* the refrain is—

With a hey lilloo and a how lo lan;
And the birk and the broom blooms bonny.

XVI. "A Ballad-Book." By Charles Kirkpatrick Sharpe. 1824.

RICHIE STORY 134

[Motherwell's MSS., 426.]

Lillias Fleming, second daughter of John, Earl of Wigton, eloped with one of her father's servants named

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Richard Storry and, with the consent of her husband, resigned her portion in 1673. The well-known song *Huntingtower*, or *The Duke of Athol*, was doubtless founded on some version of this ballad, though its exact history has not been ascertained.

XVII. A North Countrie Garland. By James Maidment. 1824.

EPPIE MORRIE 136
[Maidment's *North Countrie Garland*, p. 40.]

XVIII. Ancient Scottish Ballads, recovered from tradition, and never before published; with notes historical and explanatory, and an appendix, containing the airs of several of the ballads. By George R. Kinlock. 1827.

YOUNG AKIN 139
[Buchan's *Ballads*, I. 6.]
Sometimes called *Hind Etin*, or *Young Hastings*.

BONNY ANNIE 148
[Kinlock's *Ancient Scottish Ballads*, p. 123.]

LAIRD O' DRUM 150
[Kinlock's *Ancient Scottish Ballads*, p. 199.]
Alexander Irvine, laird of Drum, married, Dec. 7, 1643, Lady Mary Gordon, daughter of Marquis of Huntly and niece to Marquis of Argyll. He lost much by his fidelity to the Stuart cause, and hence, perhaps, chose for his second wife the wealthy Margaret Coutts, "a woman of inferior birth and manner, which step gave great offence to his relations."

DEATH OF QUEEN JANE 155
[Traditional, from S. Baring-Gould.]
This is still sung by the people, and many versions have been published in different collections.

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THE GARDENER 157

[Kinlock's MSS., v. 47.]

This ballad has certain affinities with one that is still popular, and is printed below under the title of *Thyme and Rue*.

JOHNNY SCOTT 160

[Jamieson-Brown MS., fol. 5.]

One James Macgill of Lindores performed a feat of arms like that described in this ballad about the year 1679.

XIX. Minstrelsy, Ancient and Modern, with an historical introduction and notes. William Motherwell. 1827.

KEMP OWYNE 166

[Motherwell's *Minstrelsy*, 373.]

This ballad has been sometimes associated with "Ewein or Owain, ap Urien the King of Reged, who is celebrated by the bards Taliesin and Llywarch-hen, as well as in the Welsh historical Triads." Compare *The Laidley Worm of Spindleston Heughs*, communicated to Hutchinson (*a View of Northumberland*), and probably written by the Rev. Mr Lamb of Norham.

WEARY COBLE O' CARGILL 170

[Motherwell's MSS., p. 80.]

This ballad is said to refer to real persons who lived at Kercock and Balathy on the banks of the Tay.

JOHN THOMSON AND THE TURK 173

[Motherwell's *Minstrelsy*, App. p. ix.]

LORD DERWENTWATER 179

[Motherwell's MSS., p. 351.]

In 1715 a warrant was issued against James Ratcliffe, Earl of Derwentwater, on suspicion of being concerned in intrigues on behalf of the Pretender.

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He then took up arms, was forced into surrender at Preston, and executed in London, February 24th, 1716. He seems to have been an unusually affectionate and charitable man.

THE TWA MAGICIANS 181

[Buchan's *Ballads of the North of Scotland*, I. 24.]

BROWN ROBIN 184

[Jamieson-Brown MS.]

BLANCHEFLOUR AND JELLYFLORICE . . . 189

[Buchan's *Ballads*, I. 125.]

This is but very slightly connected with the old romance of *Florice and Blancheflour*, which is printed in Ellis's *Early English Metrical Romances*.

EARL OF MAR'S DAUGHTER 193

[Buchan's *Ballads*, I. 49.]

This ballad has been probably retouched by the editor, but, unfortunately, we have no older version.

THE FAUSE LOVER 200

[Buchan's MSS., I. 114.]

Scott has revised these verses, and put them into the mouth of David Gellatley (*Waverley*, chap. ix.). See vol. III. of this collection.

XX. Folk-Lore Record. 1868.

THE UNQUIET GRAVE 204

[*Folk-Lore Record*, I. 60.]

This characteristic little piece is doubtless only a fragment.

PEASANT GROUP.

I. Ballads of Love and Courtship.

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THE BROKEN TOKEN 209

[*Songs of the West.*]

From recitation. Sung in many parts of the country, and printed as *Fair Phœbe and her dark-eyed sailor*, by Mr Such, who told me it was still constantly asked for. Another version may be found in *Dictionary of the Dialect of Isle of Wight*, by W. H. Long. Dibdin wrote a song on the same theme, which is an extremely popular one, called *The Broken Gold.*

YOUNG ROGER OF THE VALE 210

[*Tea-Table Miscellany*, by A. Ramsay, Vol. IV.]

The old ballad is still known in some parts of England, and has been recently printed in F. Kidson's *Traditional Tunes* "from a singer in Alderhill, Meanwood."

THE GOLDEN GLOVE 213

[*Ancient Poems, Ballads, and Songs of the Peasantry.* Edited by J. H. Dixon, Percy Society.]

This is a very popular ballad, sung in all parts of England, and published as a broadside by the Catnach Press.

SIR ARTHUR AND CHARMING MOLLEE . . 215

[*Ancient Poems, Ballads, and Songs of the Peasantry of England*, by Robert Bell.]

"For this old Northumbrian song we are indebted to Mr Robert Chambers. It was taken down from the recitation of a lady. The 'Sir Arthur' is no less a personage than Sir Arthur Haslerigg, the Governor of Tynemouth Castle during the Protectorate of Cromwell."

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UNDAUNTED MARY; OR, THE BANKS OF SWEET DUNDEE 217

[Traditional.]

This ballad, though probably not very old, is sung in all parts of England, and printed both at the Catnach Press and by Mr Such. I have received two traditional versions from Devonshire and Lincolnshire, the following being made up from these and a broadside.

THE WILTSHIRE WEDDING; OR, THE OLD MAN CLOTHED IN LEATHER 220

[D'Urfey's (?) *Pills to purge Melancholy*, IV. 148.]

An abridgment of this old ballad appears in W. H. Long's *Dictionary of the Dialect of the Isle of Wight*.

THE TREES THEY ARE SO HIGH 225

[*Songs of the West*, and S. Baring-Gould.]

The following version of this ballad is the complete original from which Mr Baring-Gould composed that in *Songs of the West*. The ballad is known in England, Scotland, and Ireland, and has been printed in Johnson's *Museum*, and in Maidment's *North Countrie Garland*. Broadside versions are also extant.

GREEN BROOM 228

[*Songs of the West*.]

This ballad occurs in *Pills to purge Melancholy*, *The Northumbrian Minstrelsy*, *The Broom-man's Garland*, etc., and is still printed by Mr Such, who told me, however, that he only sells it occasionally to country hawkers. D'Urfey's version is longer, and does not end in a wedding. The lad does a good trade, and determines to take an apprentice.

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BONNY BARBARA ALLAN 230

[*Tea-Table Miscellany*, IV. 46, by A. Ramsay.]

Printed in numerous collections, ancient and modern, and on broadsides. Mr Such told me that it is still constantly asked for. Percy published it in the *Reliques* "with conjectural emendations."

AS JOHNNY WALKED OUT 231

[*Songs of the West*, and S. Baring-Gould.]

This ballad may be found in many collections, and was sung during last century in the "public gardens" to a tune composed by Mr Dunn, which differs considerably from the traditional air given by Mr Baring-Gould.

THE BROWN GIRL 234

[Traditional—S. Baring-Gould.]

From recitation. Some portion of the ballad may be seen in the *Brown Girl's Garland*. It has certain obvious affinities with *Barbara Allan*.

THE ROVING JOURNEY-MAN 236

[*Songs of the West*.]

From recitation. It may be found in broadsides.

THYME AND RUE 238

[Traditional—S. Baring-Gould.]

This ballad exists in innumerable versions and has been frequently printed. The following lines were obtained by Mr Baring-Gould from recitation at Mawgan on Pyder. They may be compared with *The Gardener*.

THE BAILIFF'S DAUGHTER OF ISLINGTON . . 239

[Percy's *Reliques*, III. 133.]

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THE SIMPLE PLOUGHBOY 242

[*Songs of the West.*]

From recitation. Corrupt versions are still printed as broadsides.

ROBBIE TAMSON'S SMIDDIE 244

[*English County Songs*, Edited by Lucy S. Broadwood.]

Also included in Scotch collections. Miss Broadwood found it in Northumberland.

CUPID'S GARDEN 246

[*The Scouring of the White Horse*, by T. Hughes.]

Judge Hughes tells me that this version was taken down by R. Lane, A.R.A., from the singing of a carter. That sent to *Songs of the Four Nations*, by Mr W. H. Hadow, from Gloucestershire, is very similar, and others may be found in Chappell's *Popular Music* and W. H. Long's *Dictionary of the Isle of Wight Dialect*. *Cupid's Garden* is perhaps a corruption of "Cupper's Gardens," which were on the south of the Thames opposite Somerset House, and were open from 1678 to 1753, when they were superseded by Vauxhall.

II. Social and Domestic Ballads.

KING JOHN AND THE ABBOT 247

[Percy's *Reliques*, II. 302.]

Riddle-ballads of various kinds are very ancient, and very common. An inferior version of the following appeared in *Pills to purge Melancholy*, and in a *Collection of Old Ballads*.

THE KING AND THE COUNTRYMAN . . . 252

[Broadside.]

This popular ballad is an abbreviation of an old poem, *The King and the Northern Man*, in the Roxburghe collection, which was printed in 1640, and is probably still older. The ballad has appeared in Bell's *Songs of the Peasantry*.

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SADDLE TO RAGS 254

[*Songs of the Peasantry*, by J. H. Dixon.]

Known in different parts of the country by various names, but in this form belonging to Yorkshire. The triumph over the highwayman is by some singers attributed to a clever boy, or a bold maiden.

THE WEEK'S WORK 258

[*The Valiant Maiden's Garland.*]

THE FARMER'S BOY 260

[Broadside, by Such.]

This is a very popular ballad, which has been printed in many collections, and is issued by Mr Such, who told me that he is still frequently asked for it.

TOMMY LINN 261

[*The Distracted Sailor's Garland.*]

This curious piece is printed in Ritson's *North Country Chorister*, and in several collections of nursery rhymes.

III. Ballads of the Sea.

THE MERMAID 263

[Broadside.]

This song appears in W. Chappell's *Popular Music of the Olden Time*, J. Ashton's *Real Sailors' Songs*, and many other collections.

CAPTAIN WARD AND THE RAINBOW . . . 266

[Broadside].

Published in Bell's *Early Ballads* and Ashton's *Real Sailors' Songs*.

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GREENLAND WHALE FISHERY 269

[Broadside, by Such.]

Published in Ashton's *Real Sailors' Songs*, and still printed by Mr Such.

THE GOLDEN VANITEE 272

[*Sir Walter Raleigh sailing in the Lowlands; showing how the famous ship called the Sweet Trinity was taken by a false galley; and how it was recovered by the craft of a little sea-boy, who sunk the galley; as the following song will declare*:—Old Broadside, by I. Conyers.]

This ballad is reprinted in Ashton's *Century of Ballads* and many collections of songs. A traditional version may be found in the *Songs of the West*, and Long's *Isle of Wight*, and a corrupt abridgment is printed by Mr Such, who tells me that he is still constantly asked for it. In one version (possibly written up by Christopher North) the little boy secures his reward by threatening to scuttle his own ship.

IV. Local and Miscellaneous Ballads.

THE YORKSHIRE HORSE-DEALER 274

[*Songs of the Peasantry*, Edited by J. H. Dixon.]

This song was sung "with great applause" by Emery, and is founded on events which actually took place at the end of last century. (Clapham is in West of Yorkshire, between Skipton and Kendal.)

WIDDICOMBE FAIR 277

[*Songs of the West*, and S. Baring Gould.]

This is the most popular of Devonshire songs, and is distinctly local, not to say historical. The names are all known to natives of the county.

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LAZARUS 279

[*Notes and Queries*, Series 4, Vol. III. p. 76.]

In Beaumont and Fletcher's *Nice Valour* (iv. 1) *Dives* is spoken of as one of the ballads hanging at church corners. It is printed in Husk's *Songs of the Nativity*, Miss Broadwood's *English County Songs*, and other places.

THE GAY LADY THAT WENT TO CHURCH . 281

[*Gammer Girton's Garland.*]

I have seen a traditional version of this, recited at a Scotch shooting party, in which the last line contained an attempt to imitate the lady's scream.

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For forty days and forty nights
He wade thro' red blude to the knee . *Frontispiece.*

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And twisted thrice about the tree . . . 167

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ERRATA.

"Kemp Owyne" (page 166) should have been printed among the ballads from Sir Walter Scott's *Minstrelsy of the Scottish Border*, where it first appeared.

Page 14,	line	15,	*for*	"At ilka,"	*read*	"And at ilka."
,, 14,	,,	16,	,,	"to ring,"	,,	"ringing."
,, 16,	,,	8,	,,	"glazen,"	,,	"glassen."
,, 16,	,,	18,	,,	"hung,"	,,	"hang."
,, 17,	,,	2,	,,	"Hung,"	,,	"That hang."
,, 18,	,,	16,	,,	"bodie,"	,,	"body."
,, 33,	,,	5,	,,	"bonnie,"	,,	"bonny."
,, 42,	,,	16,	,,	"sleepin,"	,,	"sleepin'."
,, 50,	,,	16, 24,	,,	"victorie,"	,,	"victory."
,, 56,	,,	15,	,,	"ay,"	,,	"aye."
,, 85,	,,	3,	,,	"water's,"	,,	"waters."
,, 92,	,,	11,	,,	"doen,"	,,	"do'en."
,, 99,	,,	6,				
,, 96,	,,	5,	,,	"spak,"	,,	"spake."
,, 150,	,,	10,	,,	"abee,"	,,	"abe."

"O no, O no, True Thomas, she says,
"That name does not belong to me;
I am but the Queen of fair Elfland,
And I am come here for to visit thee.

tett, tuft.

[" Harp and carp, Thomas," she said ;
" Harp and carp along wi' me ;
And if ye dare to kiss my lips,
Sure of your body I will be."—

" Betide me weal, betide me woe,
That weird shall never daunton me."
Syne he has kissed her rosy lips,
All underneath the Eildon Tree.]

" But ye maun go wi' me, now, Thomas ;
True Thomas, ye maun go wi' me ;
For ye maun serve me seven years,
Thro' weal or woe as may chance to be."

Harp and carp, chat.

She turned about her milk-white steed ;
And took true Thomas up behind :
And aye, whene'er her bridle rang,
The steed flew swifter than the wind.

For forty days and forty nights
He wade thro' red blude to the knee,
And he saw neither sun nor moon,
But heard the roaring of the sea.

O they rade on, and farther on ;
Until they came to a garden green,
" Light down, light down, ye lady free,
Some of that fruit let me pull to thee."

" O no, O no, True Thomas," she says ;
" That fruit maun not be touched by thee,

For a' the plagues that are in hell
Light on the fruit of this country.

"But I have a loaf here in my lap,
Likewise a bottle of claret wine,
And now ere we go farther on,
We'll rest a while and ye may dine."

When he had eaten and drunk his fill—
"Lay down your head upon my knee,"
The lady said, "ere we climb yon hill,
And I will shew you ferlies three.

"O see not ye yon narrow road,
So thick beset with thorns and briars?
That is the path of righteousness,
Though after it but few enquires.

"And see ye not that braid braid road,
That lies across that lily leven?
That is the path of wickedness,
Though some call it the road to heaven.

"And see not ye that bonny road,
That winds about the ferny brae?
That is the road to fair Elfland,
Where you and I this night maun gae.

"But, Thomas, ye maun hold your tongue,
Whatever ye may hear or see;
For, gin ae word you should chance to speak,
Ye'll ne'er get back to your ain country."

ferlies, marvels. *leven*, lawn.

He has gotten a coat of the even cloth,
And a pair of shoes of velvet green ;
And till seven years were gane and past,
True Thomas on earth was never seen.

The Bonny Hind

O MAY she comes, and may she goes,
Down by yon gardens green,
And there she spied a gallant squire
As squire had ever been.

And may she comes, and may she goes,
Down by yon hollin tree,
And there she spied a brisk young squire,
And a brisk young squire was he.

" Give me your green mantle, fair maid,
Give me your maidenhead ;
Gif ye winna gie me your green mantle,
Give me your maidenhead !

He has ta'en her by the milk-white hand,
And softly laid her down,
And when he's lifted her up again
Given her a silver kaim.

even, fine.

"Perhaps there may be bairns, kind sir,
Perhaps there may be nane;
But if you be a courtier,
You'll tell to me your name."

"I am nae courtier, fair maid,
But new come frae the sea;
I am nae courtier, fair maid,
But when I courteth thee.

"They call me Jack when I'm abroad,
Sometimes they call me John;
But when I'm in my father's bower
Jock Randal is my name."

"Ye lee, ye lee, ye bonny lad;
Sae loud's I hear ye lee!
For I'm Lord Randal's yae daughter,
He has nae mair nor me."

"Ye lee, ye lee, ye bonny may,
Sae loud's I hear ye lee!
For I'm Lord Randal's yae yae son,
Just now come o'er the sea."

She's putten her hand down by her spare,
And out she's ta'en a knife,
And she has put'nt in her heart's bluid,
And ta'en away her life.

spare, pocket.

And he's ta'en up his bonny sister,
With the big tear in his een,
And he has buried his bonny sister
Among the hollins green.

And syne he's hied him o'er the dale,
His father dear to see :
"Sing O and O for my bonny hind,
Beneath yon hollin tree!"

"What needs you care for your bonny hind?
For it you needna care ;
There's aught score hinds in yonder park,
And five score hinds to spare.

"Four score of them are siller-shod,
Of those ye may get three ;"
"But O and O for my bonny hind,
Beneath yon hollin tree!"

"What needs you care for your bonny hind?
For it you needna care ;
Take you the best, give me the worst,
Since plenty is to spare."

"I carena for your hinds, my Lord,
I carena for your fee ;
But O and O for my bonny hind,
Beneath the hollin tree!"

aught, eight.

"O were ye at your sister's bower,
Your sister fair to see,
Ye'll think na mair o' your bonny hind,
Beneath the hollin tree."

King Henry

LAT never a man a wooing wend,
That lacketh thingés three;
A routh o' gold, an open heart,
And fu' o' courtesy.

As this was seen o' King Henry,
For he lay burd-alane;
And he has ta'en him to a haunted hunt's ha',
Was seven miles frae a town.

routh, plenty. *burd-alane*, alone, without a *burd* or maiden. *hunt's ha'*, hunting-lodge.

He's chas'd the dun deer thro' the wood,
And the roe down by the den,
Till the fattest buck in a' the herd
King Henry hé has slain.

He's ta'en him to his hunting ha',
For to make bierly cheer ;
When loud the wind was heard to sound,
And an earthquake rocked the floor.

And darkness covered a' the hall
Where they sat at their meat ;
The gray dogs, youling, left their food
And crept to Henry's feet.

And louder howled the rising wind,
And burst the fastened door ;
And in there came a grisly ghost,
Stood stamping on the floor.

Her head hit the roof-tree o' the house,
Her middle ye mot weel span ;—
Each frightened huntsman fled the ha' ;
And left the king alone."

Her teeth was a' like tether stakes,
Her nose like club or mell ;
And I ken naething she 'pear'd to be,
But the fiend that wons in hell.

bierly, proper. *mell*, mallet. *wons*, dwells.

"Some meat, some meat, ye King Henry;
Some meat ye gie to me."
"And what meat's in this house, Lady?
That ye're nae welcome tae?"
"O ye's gae kill your berry-brown steed,
And serve him up to me."

O when he slew his berry-brown steed,
Wow but his heart was sair!
She ate him a' up, skin and bane,
Left naething but hide and hair.

"Mair meat, mair meat, ye King Henry,
Mair meat ye gie to me."
"And what meat's in this house, Lady?
That ye're nae welcome tae?"
"O ye do kill your good grey-hounds,
And ye bring them a' to me."

O when he slew his good grey hounds,
Wow but his heart was sair!
She ate them a' up, ane by ane,
Left naething but hide and hair.

"Mair meat, mair meat, ye King Henry,
Mair meat ye bring to me."
"And what meat's in this house, Lady?
That I hae left to gie?"
"O ye do fell your gay gosshawks,
And ye bring them a' to me."

O when he felled his gay gosshawks,
Wow but his heart was sair!
She ate them a' up, bane by bane,
Left naething but feathers bare.

"Some drink, some drink, now, King Henry;
Some drink ye bring to me."
"O what drink's in this house, Lady,
That ye're nae welcome tae?"
"O ye sew up your horse's hide,
And bring in a drink to me."

And he's sewed up the bloody hide,
And put in a pipe o' wine;
She drank it a' up at ae draught,
Left na ae drap therein.

"A bed, a bed, now, King Henry,
A bed ye mak to me."
"And what's the bed i' this house, Lady,
That ye're nae welcome tae?"
"O ye maun pu' the green heather,
And mak a bed to me."

And pu'd has he the heather green,
And made to her a bed;
And up he's ta'en his gay mantle,
And o'er it has he spread.

"Now swear, now swear, ye King Henry,
To take me for your bride,"
"O God forbid," says King Henry,
"That ever the like betide;
That ever the fiend that wons in hell,
Should streak down by my side."

. . . . . .

When day was come, and night was gane,
And the sun shone thro' the ha',
The fairest lady that ever was seen
Lay atween him and the wa'.

"O weel is me!" says King Henry;
"How lang'll this last wi' me?"
And out and spake that lady fair,—
"E'en till the day you die.

"For I was witched to a ghastly shape,
All by my stepdame's skill,
Till I should meet wi' a curteous knight,
Would gie me a' my will."

streak, stretch, lie.

Willy's ≈ Lady ≈

Willy's ta'en him o'er the faem,
He's wooed a wife, and brought her hame ;
He's wooed her for her yellow hair,
But his mother wrought her mickle care ;

And mickle dolour gar'd her dree,
For lighter she can never be ;
But in her bower she sits wi' pain,
And Willy mourns o'er her in vain.

And to his mother he has gane,
That vile rank witch, o' vilest kind !
He says—" My lady has a cup,
Wi' gowd and silver set about ;
This goodly gift shall be your ain,
And let her be lighter o' her young bairn."—

faem, sea. *dree*, suffer.

"Of her young bairn she's ne'er be lighter,
Nor in her bower to shine the brighter:
But she shall die, and turn to clay,
And you shall wed another may."—

"Another may I'll never wed,
Another may I'll ne'er bring hame:"—
But, sighing, says that weary wight—
"I wish my life were at an end!"

"Yet do ye unto your mother again,
That vile rank witch, o' vilest kind!
And say, your lady has a steed,
The like o' him's no in the land o' Leed.

"For he is golden shod before,
And he is golden shod behind;
At ilka tett of that horse's mane,
There's a golden chess, and a bell to ring.
This goodly gift shall be your ain,
And let me be lighter o' my young bairn."—

"Of her young bairn she's ne'er be lighter,
Nor in her bower to shine the brighter;
But she shall die, and turn to clay,
And ye shall wed another may."—

"Another may I'll never wed,
Another may I'll ne'er bring hame:"—

tett, tuft.

But, sighing, said that weary wight—
"I wish my life were at an end!"—

"Yet do ye unto your mother again,
That vile rank witch, o' vilest kind!
And say your lady has a girdle,
It's of red gowd unto the middle;

"And aye, at every siller hem
Hang fifty siller bells and ten;
That goodly gift [shall] be her ain,
And let me be lighter o' my young bairn."—

"Of her young bairn she's ne'er be lighter,
Nor in her bower to shine the brighter;
For she shall die, and turn to clay,
And you shall wed another may."—

"Another may I'll never wed,
Another may I'll ne'er bring hame:"—
But, sighing, said that weary wight—
"I wish my days were at an end!"—

Then out and spake the Billy Blind,
(He spake aye in good time:)
"Ye do ye to the market-place,
And there ye buy a loaf of wax;
Ye shape it bairn and bairnly like,
And in it twa glassen een ye put;

" And bid her come to your boy's christening,
Then notice weel what she shall do ;
And do you stand a little forbye,
And listen weel what she shall say."

[He did him to the market-place,
And there he bought a loaf o' wax ;
He shaped it bairn and bairnly like,
And in twa glazen een he pat ;

He did him till his mother then,
And bade her to his boy's christening ;
And he did stand a little forbye,
And noticed well what she did say.]

" O wha has loosed the nine witch knots,
That was amang that lady's locks ?
And wha's ta'en out the kaims o' care,
That hang amang that lady's hair ?

" And wha's ta'en down the bush o' woodbine,
That hung between her bower and mine ?
And wha has kill'd the master kid,
That ran beneath that lady's bed ?
And wha has loosed her left foot shee,
And letten that lady lighter be ? "

O, Willy's loosed the nine witch knots,
That was amang that lady's locks ;
And Willy's ta'en out the kaims o' care,
That hang amang that lady's hair ;

shee, shoe.

And Willy's ta'en down the bush o' woodbine,
Hung atween her bower and thine
And Willy has kill'd the master kid,
That ran beneath that lady's bed;

And Willy has loosed her left foot shee,
And letten his lady lighter be;
And now he's gotten a bonny young son,
And mickle grace be him upon.

The Dæmon Lover

"O WHERE have you been, my long, long love,
This long seven years and more?"—
"O I'm come to seek my former vows
Ye granted me before."—

"O hold your tongue of your former vows,
For they will breed sad strife;

O hold your tongue of your former vows,
For I am become a wife."

He turn'd him right and round about,
And the tear blinded his ee;
"I wad never hae trodden on Irish ground,
If it had not been for thee.

"I might hae had a king's daughter,
Far, far beyond the sea;
I might have had a king's daughter,
Had it not been for love o' thee."—

"If ye might have had a king's daughter,
Yoursel' ye had to blame;
Ye might have taken the king's daughter,
For ye kenned that I was nane."—

["O false are the vows of womankind,
But fair is their false bodie;
I never wad hae trodden on Irish ground,
Had it not been for love o' thee."—]

"If I was to leave my husband dear,
And my two babes also,
O what have you to take me to,
If with you I should go?"—

"I hae seven ships upon the sea,
The eighth brought me to land;
With four-and-twenty bold mariners,
And music on every hand."

She has taken up her two little babes,
Kiss'd them baith cheek and chin ;
" O fair ye weel, my ain two babes,
For I'll never see you again."

She set her foot upon the ship,
No mariners could she behold ;
But the sails were o' the taffety,
And the masts o' the beaten gold.

She had not sail'd a league, a league,
A league but barely three,
When dismal grew his countenance,
And drumlie grew his ee.

[The masts that were like the beaten gold,
Bent not on the heaving seas ;
But the sails, that were o' the taffety,
Fill'd not in the east land-breeze.—]

They had not sailed a league, a league,
A league but barely three,
Until she espied his cloven foot,
And she wept right bitterly.

" O hold your tongue of your weeping," says he,
" Of your weeping now let me be ;
I will show you how the lilies grow
On the banks of Italy."—

drumlie, gloomy.

"O what hills are yon, yon pleasant hills,
That the sun shines sweetly on?"—
"O yon are the hills of heaven," he said,
"Where you will never win."—

"O whaten a mountain is yon," she said,
"All so dreary wi' frost and snow?"—
"O yon is the mountain of hell," he cried,
"Where you and I will go."

[And aye when she turn'd her round about,
Aye taller he seem'd for to be;
Until that the tops o' that gallant ship
Nae taller were than he.

The clouds grew dark, and the wind grew loud,
And the levin fill'd her ee;
And waesome wail'd the snaw-white sprites
Upon the gurlie sea.]

He strack the tap-mast wi' his hand,
The fore-mast wi' his knee;
And he brake that gallant ship in twain,
And sank her in the sea.

levin, lightning. *gurlie*, stormy.

The Wife of Usher's Well

THERE lived a wife at Usher's Well,
And a wealthy wife was she,
She had three stout and stalwart sons,
And sent them o'er the sea.

They hadna been a week from her,
A week but barely ane,
When word came to the carline wife,
That her three sons were gane.

They hadna been a week from her,
A week but barely three,
When word came to the carline wife,
That her sons she'd never see.

"I wish the wind may never cease,
Nor fishes in the flood,
Till my three sons come hame to me,
In earthly flesh and blood."—

It fell about the Martinmas,
When nights are lang and mirk,
The carline wife's three sons came home,
And their hats were o' the birk.

It neither grew in syke nor ditch,
Nor yet in ony sheugh;
But at the gates o' Paradise,
That birk grew fair eneugh.

. . . . .

"Blow up the fire, my maidens!
Bring water from the well!
For a' my house shall feast this night,
Since my three sons are well."—

And she has made to them a bed,
She's made it large and wide;
And she's ta'en her mantle her about,
Sat down at the bed-side.

. . . . .

Up then crew the red red cock,
And up and crew the gray;
The eldest to the youngest said,
"'Tis time we were away."—

syke, marsh. *sheugh*, furrow.

The cock he hadna craw'd but once,
And clapp'd his wings at a',
When the youngest to the eldest said,
"Brother, we must awa'.—

"The cock doth craw, the day doth daw,
The channerin' worm doth chide;
Gin we be missed out o' our place,
A sair pain we maun bide.

"Fare ye weel, my mother dear!
Fareweel to barn and byre!
And fare ye weel, the bonny lass,
That kindles my mother's fire."

channerin', fretting.

Clerk Saunders

Clerk Saunders and may Margaret,
Walked ower yon gravelled green;
And sad and heavy was the love
I wot it fell this twa between.

"A bed, a bed," Clerk Saunders said,
"A bed, a bed for you and me!"—
"Fie na, fie na," the lady said,
"Until the day we married be;

"For in it will come my seven brothers,
And a' their torches burning bright;
They'll say—'We hae but ae sister,
And here her lying wi' a knight!'"—

"Ye'll take the sword from my scabbard,
And lowly, lowly lift the gin;
And you may swear, and your oath to save,
Ye never let Clerk Saunders in.

"Ye'll take a napkin in your hand,
And ye'll tie up baith your een;
And you may swear, and your oath to save,
Ye saw na Sandy since late yestreen."

—"Ye'll take me in your armés twa,
Ye'll carry me ben into your bed,
And ye may swear, and your oath to save,
That in your bower-floor I ne'er tread."

She has ta'en the sword frae his scabbard,
And lowly, lowly lifted the gin;
She was to swear, her oath to save,
She never let Clerk Saunders in.

She has ta'en a napkin in her hand,
And she tied up baith her een;
She was to swear, her oath to save,
She saw na him since late yestreen.

gin, latch.

She ta'en him in her armés twa
And carried him ben into her bed ;

She was to swear her oath to save
He never on her bower-floor tread.

In and came her seven brothers,
And all their torches burning bright;
Says they, "We hae but ae sister,
And see there her lying wi' a knight!"

Out and speaks the first o' them,
"I wot that they hae been lovers dear!"
Out and speaks the next o' them,
"They hae been in love this many a year!"

Out and speaks the third o' them,
"It were great sin this twa to twain!"
Out and speaks the fourth of them,
"It were a sin to kill a sleeping man!"

Out and speaks the fifth of them,
"I wot they'll ne'er be twained by me";
Out and speaks the sixth of them,
"We'll tak our leave and gae our way."

Out and speaks the seventh o' them,
"Altho' there were no man but me;
. . . . .
I bear the brand I'll gar him dee."

Out he has ta'en a bright long brand,
And he has striped it through the straw,
And through and through Clerk Saunders' body
I wot he has gared cold iron gae.

gar, make.

Saunders he started, and Margaret she lept
Into his arms where she lay ;
And well and wellsome was the night
I wot it was between those twa.

And they lay still and sleeped sound,
Until the day began to daw ;
And kindly to him she did say,
"It is time, true love, you were awa'."

They lay still, and sleeped sound,
Until the sun began to sheen ;
She looked atween her and the wa',
And dull and drowsy was his een.

She thought it had been a loathsome sweat,
I wot it had fallen these twa between ;
But it was the blood of his fair body,
I wot his life-days were na lang.

O Saunders, I'll do for your sake
What other ladies would na thole ;
When seven years is come and gone,
There's ne'er a shoe go on my sole.

O Saunders, I'll do for your sake
What other ladies would think mair ;
When seven years is come and gone,
There's ne'er a comb go in my hair.

O Saunders, I'll do for your sake
What other ladies would think lack ;

thole, endure. *lack*, loss.

When seven long years is come and gone,
I'll wear nought but dowie black.

The bells gaed clinking through the town,
To carry the dead corpse to the clay,
An sighing says her may Margaret,
I wot I bide a doleful day.

In and came her father dear,
Stout stepping on the floor.
. . . . .

"Hold your tongue, my daughter dear,
Let all your mourning abe;
I'll carry the dead corpse to the clay,
And I'll came back and comfort thee."

"Comfort well your seven sons,
For comforted will I never be:
I ween 'twas neither lord nor loon
That was in bower last night wi' me."—

dowie, sad.

≋ Lord ≋ Donald

"O WHERE hae ye been a' day, Lord Donald, my son?
O where hae ye been a' day, my jolly young man?"
"I've been awa courtin':—mither, mak my bed sune,
For I'm sick at the heart, and I fain would lie doun."

"What wad ye hae for your supper, Lord Donald, my son?
What wad ye hae for your supper, my jolly young man?"
"I've gotten my supper:—mither, mak my bed sune,
For I'm sick at the heart, and I fain would lie doun."

"What did ye get for your supper, Lord Donald, my son?
What did ye get for your supper, my jolly young man?"
"A dish of sma' fishes:—mither, mak my bed sune,
For I'm sick at the heart, and I fain wad lie doun."

"Where gat ye the fishes, Lord Donald, my son?
Where gat ye the fishes, my jolly young man?"
"In my father's black ditches:—mither, mak my bed sune,
For I'm sick at the heart, and I fain would lie doun."

"What like were your fishes, Lord Donald, my son?
What like were your fishes, my jolly young man?"

"Black backs and speckl'd bellies:—mither, mak my bed sune,
For I'm sick at the heart, and I fain would lie doun."

"O I fear ye are poison'd, Lord Donald, my son!
O I fear ye are poison'd, my jolly young man!"
"O yes! I am poison'd:—mither, mak my bed sune,
For I'm sick at the heart, and I fain wad lie doun."

"What will ye leave to your father, Lord Donald, my son?
What will ye leave to your father, my jolly young man?"

"Baith my houses and land :—mither, mak my bed sune,
For I'm sick at the heart, and I fain wad lie doun."

"What will ye leave to your brither, Lord Donald, my son?
What will ye leave to your brither, my jolly young man?"
"My horse and the saddle :—mither, mak my bed sune,
For I'm sick at the heart, and I fain wad lie doun."

"What will ye leave to your sister, Lord Donald, my son?
What will ye leave to your sister, my jolly young man?"
"Baith my gold box and rings :—mither, mak my bed sune,
For I'm sick at the heart, and I fain wad lie doun."

"What will ye leave to your true-love, Lord Donald, my son?
What will ye leave to your true-love, my jolly young man?"
"The tow and the halter, for to hang on yon tree,
And lat her hang there for the poisoning o' me."

tow, rope.

Fine Flowers in the Valley

She sat down below a thorn,
Fine flowers in the valley;
And there she has her sweet babe born,
And the green leaves they grow rarely.

"Smile na sae sweet, my bonnie babe,
Fine flowers in the valley,
And ye smile sae sweet, ye'll smile me dead,"
And the green leaves they grow rarely.

She's ta'en out her little penknife,
Fine flowers in the valley,
And twinn'd the sweet babe o' its life,
And the green leaves they grow rarely.

She's howket a grave by the light o' the moon,
Fine flowers in the valley,
And there she's buried her sweet babe in,
And the green leaves they grow rarely.

As she was going to the church,
Fine flowers in the valley,
She saw a sweet babe in the porch,
And the green leaves they grow rarely.

"O sweet babe, and thou were mine,
Fine flowers in the valley,
I wad clead thee in the silk so fine,"
And the green leaves they grow rarely.

"O mother dear, when I was thine,
Fine flowers in the valley,
Ye did na prove to me sae kind,"
And the green leaves they grow rarely.

howket, digged. *clead*, clad.

Young Hunting

"O Lady, rock never your young son,
One hour longer for me;
For I have a sweetheart in Garlicks Wells,
I love thrice better than thee.

"The very soles of my love's feet
Is whiter than thy face:"
"But, nevertheless, now, Young Hunting,
Ye'll stay with me a' night?"

She has birled in him, Young Hunting,
The good ale and the beer;
Till he was as love-drunken
As any wild-wood steer.

She has birled in him, Young Hunting,
The good ale and the wine:
Till he was as love-drunken
As any wild-wood swine.

Up she has ta'en him, Young Hunting,
And she has had him to her bed.

. . . . .

And she has minded her of a little penknife,
That hangs low down by her gare,

birled in, poured out drink for. *gare*, skirt.

And she has gi'en him, Young Hunting,
A deep wound and a sair.

Out and spake the bonny bird
That flew abune her head ;
"Lady ! keep weel your green clothing
Frae that good lord's blood."—

"O better I'll keep my green clothing
Frae that good lord's blood,
Nor thou can keep thy flattering tongue,
That flatters in thy head."

"Light down, light down, my bonny bird,
Light down upon my hand ;
. . . . . .

"O siller, O siller shall be thy hire,
An' goud shall be thy fee,
An' every month into the year
Thy cage shall changed be."

"I winna light down, I shanna light down,
I winna light on thy hand ;
Full soon, soon wad ye do to me
As ye done to Young Hunting."

She has booted and spurred him, Young Hunting,
As he been ga'en to ride,
A hunting-horn about his neck
An' the sharp sword by his side.

And she has had him to yon water,
For a' man calls it Clyde.

. . . . . .

The deepest pot intill it all
She has putten Young Hunting in ;
A green turf upon his breast,
To hold that good lord down.

It fell once upon a day
The king was going to ride,
And he sent for him, Young Hunting,
To ride on his right side.

She has turned her right and round about,
She swear now by the corn,
"I saw na thy son, Young Hunting,
Since yesterday at morn."

She has turned her right and round about,
She swear now by the moon,
"I saw na thy son, Young Hunting,
Since yesterday at noon.

"It fears me sair in Clyde's water,
That he is drown'd therein."—
O they hae sent for the king's duckers
To duck for Young Hunting.

They ducked in at the [tae] water-bank,
They ducked out at the other ;

pot, hole.

"We'll duck nae mair for Young Hunting
Although he were our brother."

Out and spake the bonny bird
That flew abune their heads.

. . . . .

"O he's na drowned in Clyde's water,
He is slain and put therein;
The lady that lives in yon castle
Slew him and put him in.

"Leave off your ducking on the day,
And duck upon the night;
Wherever that sackless knight lies slain,
The candles will shine bright."—

They left off their ducking on the day,
And duck'd upon the night;
And where that sackless knight lay slain,
The candles shone full bright.

The deepest pot intill it a',
They got Young Hunting in;
A green turf upon his breast,
To hold that gude lord down.

O they ha sent off men to the wood
To hew down both thorn and fern,
That they might get a great bonfire
To burn that lady in.

sackless, guiltless.

"Put na the wite on me," she said,
"It was [my] may Catherine:"
When they had ta'en her, may Catherine,
In the bonfire set her in.

It wadna take upon her cheeks,
Nor take upon her chin;
Nor yet upon her yellow hair,
To heal the deadly sin.

Out they ta'en her, may Catherine,
And they put that lady in;
O it took upon her cheek, her cheek,
An it took upon her chin;
An it took upon her fair body—
She burn'd like [holly-green].

The Twa Corbies

As I was walking all alane,
I heard twa corbies making a mane;
The tane unto the t'other say,
"Where sall we gang and dine to-day?"—

wite, blame,

"In behint yon auld fail dyke,
I wot there lies a new-slain knight;
And naebody kens that he lies there,
But his hawk, his hound, and lady fair.

"His hound is to the hunting gane,
His hawk, to fetch the wild-fowl hame,
His lady's ta'en another mate,
So we may mak our dinner sweet.

"Ye'll sit on his white hals-bane,
And I'll pick out his bonny blue een:
Wi' ae lock o' his gowden hair,
We'll theek our nest when it grows bare.

"Mony a one for him makes mane,
But nane sall ken where he is gane:
O'er his white banes, when they are bare,
The wind sall blaw for evermair."—

The Dowie Dens o' Yarrow

LATE at e'en, drinking the wine,
Or early in the morning,
They set a combat them between,
To fight it in the dawning.

fail dyke, wall of sods. *hals-bane*, neck-bone. *theek*, thatch.

"O stay at hame, my noble lord,
O stay at hame, my marrow!
My cruel brother will you betray
On the dowie houms of Yarrow.

"O fare ye weel, my lady gay!
O fare ye weel, my Sarah!
For I maun gae, though I ne'er return
Frae the dowie banks o' Yarrow."

She kiss'd his cheek, she kaim'd his hair,
As she had done before, O;
She belted on his noble brand,
And he's away to Yarrow.

O he's gane up yon high, high hill,
I wot he gaed wi' sorrow,
An' in a den spied nine arm'd men,
I' the dowie houms of Yarrow.

marrow, mate. *houms*, marshes. *dowie*, gloomy.

"O are ye come to drink the wine,
As ye hae doon before, oh?
Or are ye come to wield the brand,
On the bonny banks of Yarrow?"—

"I am no come to drink the wine,
As I hae doon before, oh,
But I am come to wield the brand,
On the dowie houms of Yarrow."

Four he hurt, and five he slew,
On the dowie houms of Yarrow,
Till that stubborn knight came him behind,
And ran his body thorough.

"Gae hame, gae hame, good-brother John,
And tell your sister Sarah,
To come and lift her noble lord;
Who's sleepin sound on Yarrow."—

"Yestreen I dream'd a dolefu' dream;
I kenn'd there wad be sorrow!
I dream'd I pu'd the heather green,
On the dowie banks o' Yarrow."

She gaed up yon high, high hill—
I wot she gaed wi' sorrow—
An' in a den spied nine dead men,
On the dowie houms of Yarrow.

She kissed his cheek, she kaim'd his hair,
As oft she did before, O;
She drank the red blood frae him ran,
On the dowie houms of Yarrow.

"O haud your tongue, my daughter dear!
For what needs a' this sorrow;
I'll wed ye on a better lord,
Than him you lost on Yarrow."—

"O haud your tongue, my father dear!
And dinna grieve your Sarah;
A better lord was never born
Than him I lost on Yarrow.

"Take hame your ousen, take hame your kye,
For they hae bred our sorrow;
I wish that they had a' gane mad
When they came first to Yarrow."

Græme and Bewick

Gude Lord Græme is to Carlisle gane,
Sir Robert Bewick there met he,
And arm in arm to the wine they did go,
And they drank till they were baith merry.

Gude Lord Græme has ta'en up the cup,
"Sir Robert Bewick, and here's to thee!
And here's to our twa sons at hame!
For they like us best in our ain country."—

"O were your son a lad like mine,
And learn'd some books that he could read,
They might hae been twa brethren bold,
And they might hae bragged the Border side.

bragged, defied.

"But your son's a lad, and he is but bad,
And billy to my son he canna be;"

. . . . . .

"[I] sent him to the schools, and he wadna learn;
[I] bought him books, and he wadna read;
But my blessing shall he never earn,
Till I see how his arm can defend his head."—

Gude Lord Græme has a reckoning call'd,
A reckoning then called he;
And he paid a crown, and it went roun',
It was all for the gude wine and free.

And he has to the stable gane,
Where there stood thirty steeds and three;
He's ta'en his ain horse amang them a',
And hame he rade sae manfully.

"Welcome, my auld father!" said Christie Græme,
"But where sae lang frae hame were ye?"—
"It's I hae been at Carlisle town,
And a baffled man by thee I be.

"I hae been at Carlisle town,
Where Sir Robert Bewick he met me;
He says ye're a lad, and ye are but bad,
And billy to his son ye canna be.

"I sent ye to the schools, and ye wadna learn ;
I bought ye books, and ye wadna read ;
Therefore my blessing ye shall never earn,
Till I see with Bewick thou save my head."

"Now, God forbid, my auld father,
That ever sic a thing should be !
Billy Bewick was my master, and I was his scholar,
And aye sae weel as he learned me."

"O hold thy tongue, thou limmer loon,
And of thy talking let me be !
If thou does na end me this quarrel soon,
There is my glove, I'll fight wi' thee."

Then Christie Græme he stooped low
Unto the ground, you shall understand ;—
"O father, put on your glove again,
The wind has blown it from your hand ?"

"What's that thou says, thou limmer loon ?
How dares thou stand to speak to me ?
If thou do not end this quarrel soon,
There's my right hand thou shalt fight with me."—

Then Christie Græme's to his chamber gane,
To consider weel what then should be ;
Whether he should fight with his auld father,
Or with his billy Bewick, he.

limmer, rascal.

"If I should kill my billy dear,
God's blessing I shall never win;
But if I strike at my auld father,
I think 'twould be a mortal sin.

"But if I kill my billy dear,
It is God's will, so let it be;
But I make a vow, ere I gang frae hame,
That I shall be the next man's die."—

Then he's put on's back a gude auld jack,
And on his head a cap of steel,
And sword and buckler by his side;
O gin he did not become them weel!

We'll leave off talking of Christie Græme,
And talk of him again belive;
And we will talk of bonny Bewick,
Where he was teaching his scholars five.

When he had taught them well to fence,
And handle swords without any doubt,
He took his sword under his arm,
And he walk'd his father's close about.

He look'd atween him and the sun,
And a' to see what there might be,
Till he spied a man in armour bright,
Was riding that way most hastily.

jack, coat of mail. *belive*, soon.

"O wha is yon, that came this way,
Sae hastily that hither came?
I think it be my brother dear,
I think it be young Christie Græme.

"Ye're welcome here, my billy dear,
And thrice ye're welcome unto me!"—
"But I'm wae to say, I've seen the day,
When I am come to fight wi' thee.

"My father's gane to Carlisle town,
Wi' your father Bewick there met he:
He says I'm a lad, and I am but bad,
And a baffled man I trow I be.

"He sent me to schools, and I wadna learn;
He gae me books, and I wadna read;
Sae my father's blessing I'll never earn,
Till he see how my arm can guard my head."

"O God forbid, my billy dear,
That ever such a thing should be!
We'll take three men on either side,
And see if we can our fathers agree."

"O hold thy tongue, now, billy Bewick,
And of thy talking let me be!
But if thou'rt a man, as I'm sure thou art,
Come o'er the dyke, and fight wi' me."

"But I hae nae harness, billy, on my back,
As weel I see there is on thine."—
"But as little harness as is on thy back,
As little, billy, shall be on mine."—

Then he's thrown off his coat o' mail,
His cap of steel away flung he;
He stuck his spear into the ground,
And he tied his horse unto a tree.

Then Bewick has thrown off his cloak,
And's psalter-book frae's hand flung he;
He laid his hand upon the dyke,
And ower he lap most manfully.

O they hae fought for twa lang hours;
When twa lang hours were come and gane,
The sweat drapp'd fast frae off them baith,
But a drap of blude could not be seen.

Till Græme gae Bewick an awkward stroke,
Ane awkward stroke strucken sickerly;
He has hit him under the left breast,
And dead-wounded to the ground fell he.

"Rise up, rise up, now, billy dear,
Arise and speak three words to me!
Whether thou's gotten thy deadly wound,
Or if God and good leeching may succour thee?"

sickerly, surely.

"O horse, O horse, now, billy Græme,
And get thee far from hence with speed;
And get thee out of this country,
That none may know who has done the deed."—

"O I have slain thee, billy Bewick,
If this be true thou tellest to me;
But I made a vow, ere I came frae hame,
That aye the next man I wad be."

He has pitch'd his sword in a moodie-hill,
And he has leap'd twenty lang feet and three,
And on his ain sword's point he lap,
And dead upon the ground fell he.

'Twas then came up Sir Robert Bewick,
And his brave son alive saw he;
"Rise up, rise up, my son," he said,
"For I think ye hae gotten the victorie."

"O hold your tongue, my father dear,
Of your prideful talking let me be!
Ye might hae drunken your wine in peace,
And let me and my billy be.

"Gae dig a grave, baith wide and deep,
And a grave to hold baith him and me;
But lay Christie Græme on the sunny side,
For I'm sure he won the victorie."

moodie-hill, mole-hill.

"Alack! a wae!" auld Bewick cried,
"Alack! was I not much to blame?
I'm sure I've lost the liveliest lad
That e'er was born unto my name."

"Alack! a wae!" quo' gude Lord Græme,
"I'm sure I hae lost the deeper lack!
I durst hae ridden the Border through,
Had Christie Græme been at my back.

"Had I been led through Liddesdale,
And thirty horsemen guarding me,
And Christie Græme been at my back,
Sae soon as he had set me free!

"I've lost my hopes, I've lost my joy,
I've lost the key but and the lock;
I durst hae ridden the world round,
Had Christie Græme been at my back."

The Lament of the Border Widow

My love he built me a bonny bower,
And clad it a' wi' lily flower,
A brawer bower ye ne'er did see
Than my true love he built for me.

lack, loss.

There came a man, by middle day,
He spied his sport, and went away ;
And brought the King that very night,
Who brake my bower, and slew my knight.

He slew my knight, to me sae dear ;
He slew my knight, and poin'd his gear ;
My servants all for life did flee,
And left me in extremity.

I sew'd his sheet, making my mane ;
I watch'd the corpse, myself alane ;
I watch'd his body, night and day ;
No living creature came that way.

I took his body on my back,
And whiles I gaed, and whiles I sat ;
I digg'd a grave, and laid him in,
And happ'd him with the sod sae green.

But think na ye my heart was sair,
When I laid the mould on his yellow hair ;
O think na ye my heart was wae,
When I turn'd about, away to gae ?

Nae living man I'll love again,
Since that my lovely knight is slain ;
Wi' ae lock of his yellow hair
I'll chain my heart for ever mair.

poin'd, seized. *happed*, covered.

Fair Annie

"It 's narrow, narrow, make your bed,
And learn to lie your lane ;
For I'm gaun o'er the sea, Fair Annie,
A braw bride to bring hame.
Wi' her I will get gowd and gear ;
Wi' you I ne'er got nane.

"But wha will bake my bridal bread,
Or brew my bridal ale ?
And wha will welcome my brisk bride,
That I bring o'er the dale ?"—

"It's I will bake your bridal bread,
And brew your bridal ale;
And I will welcome your brisk bride,
That you bring o'er the dale."—

"But she that welcomes my brisk bride
Maun gang like maiden fair;
She maun lace on her robe sae jimp,
And braid her yellow hair."—

"But how can I gang maiden-like,
When maiden I am nane?
Have I not born seven sons to thee,
And am with child again?"—

She's ta'en her young son in her arms,
Another in her hand;
And she's up to the highest tower,
To see him come to land.

"Come up, come up, my eldest son,
And look o'er yon sea-strand,
And see your father's new-come bride,
Before she come to land."—

"Come down, come down, my mother dear,
Come frae the castle wa'!
I fear, if langer ye stand there,
Ye'll let yoursel' down fa'."—

jimp, slim.

And she gaed down, and farther down,
Her love's ship for to see ;
And the topmast and the mainmast
Shone like the silver free.

And she's gane down, and farther down,
The bride's ship to behold ;
And the topmast and the mainmast
They shone just like the gold.

She's ta'en her seven sons in her hand ;
I wot she didna fail !
She met Lord Thomas and his bride,
As they came o'er the dale.

"You're welcome to your house, Lord Thomas,
You're welcome to your land ;
You're welcome with your fair lady,
That you lead by the hand.

"You're welcome to your ha's, lady,
You're welcome to your bowers ;
You're welcome to your hame, lady,
For a' that's here is yours."—

"I thank thee, Annie ; I thank thee, Annie ;
Sae dearly as I thank thee ;
You're the likest to my sister Annie,
That ever I did see.

free, precious.

"There came a knight out o'er the sea,
And steal'd my sister away;
The shame scoup in his company,
And land where'er he gae!"—

She hang ae napkin at the door,
Another in the ha';
And a' to wipe the trickling tears,
Sae fast as they did fa'.

And aye she served the lang tables
With white bread and with wine;
And aye she drank the wan water,
To had her colour fine.

And aye she served the lang tables,
With white bread and with brown;
And ay she turned her round about,
Sae fast the tears fell down.

And he's ta'en down the silk napkin,
Hung on a silver pin;
And aye he wipes the tear trickling
Adown her cheek and chin.

And aye he turn'd him round about,
And smiled amang his men,
Says—"Like ye best the old lady,
Or her that's new come hame?"—

scoup, go. *had*, hold, keep,

When bells were rung, and mass was sung,
And a' men bound to bed,
Lord Thomas and his new-come bride,
To their chamber they were gaed.

Annie made her bed a little forbye,
To hear what they might say;
"And ever alas!" fair Annie cried,
"That I should see this day!

"Gin my seven sons were seven young rats,
Running on the castle wa',
And I were a grey cat mysel',
I soon would worry them a'.

"Gin my seven sons were seven young hares,
Running o'er yon lily lea,
And I were a greyhound mysel',
Soon worried they a' should be."—

And wae and sad fair Annie sat,
And dreary was her sang;
And ever, as she sobb'd and grat,
"Wae to the man that did the wrang!"—

"My gown is on," said the new-come bride,
"My shoes are on my feet,
And I will to fair Annie's chamber,
And see what gars her greet.——

forbye, on one side. *grat*, wept. *gars*, makes.

"What ails ye, what ails ye, Fair Annie,
That ye make sic a moan?
Has your wine barrels cast the girds,
Or is your white bread gone?

"O wha was't was your father, Annie,
Or wha was't was your mother?
And had you ony sister, Annie,
Or had you ony brother?"—

"The Earl of Wemyss was my father,
The Countess of Wemyss my mother;
And a' the folk about the house,
To me were sister and brother."—

"If the Earl of Wemyss was your father,
I wot sae was he mine;
And it shall not be for lack o' gowd,
That ye your love sall tyne.

"For I have seven ships o' mine ain,
A' loaded to the brim;
And I will gie them a' to thee,
Wi' four to thine eldest son.
But thanks to a' the powers in heaven
That I gae maiden hame!"

tyne, lose.

The Gay Goss-Hawk

"O WEEL's me, my gay goss-hawk,
That he can speak and flee;
He'll carry a letter to my love,
Bring back another to me."

"O how can I your true love ken,
Or how can I her know?
When frae her mouth I ne'er heard couth,
Nor wi' my eyes her saw."

"O weel sall ye my true love ken,
As soon as ye her see;
For, of a' the flowers of fair England,
The fairest flower is she.

heard couth, could hear.

"And even at my love's bower-door
There grows a bowing birk;
And sit ye doun and sing thereon
As she gangs to the kirk.

"And four-and-twenty ladies fair
Will wash and to the kirk,
But well shall ye my true-love ken,
For she wears goud on her skirt.

"And four-and-twenty gay ladies
Will to the mass repair;
But weel shall ye my true love ken,
For she wears goud on her hair."

And even at the lady's bower-door
There grows a bowing birk;
And [he] sat down and sang thereon
As she gaed to the kirk.

"O eat and drink, my Maries a',
The wine flows you among,
Till I gang to my shot-window,
And hear yon bonny bird's song.

"Sing on, sing on, my bonny bird,
The song ye sang [yestreen];
For I ken, by your sweet singing,
Ye're frae my true love sen."

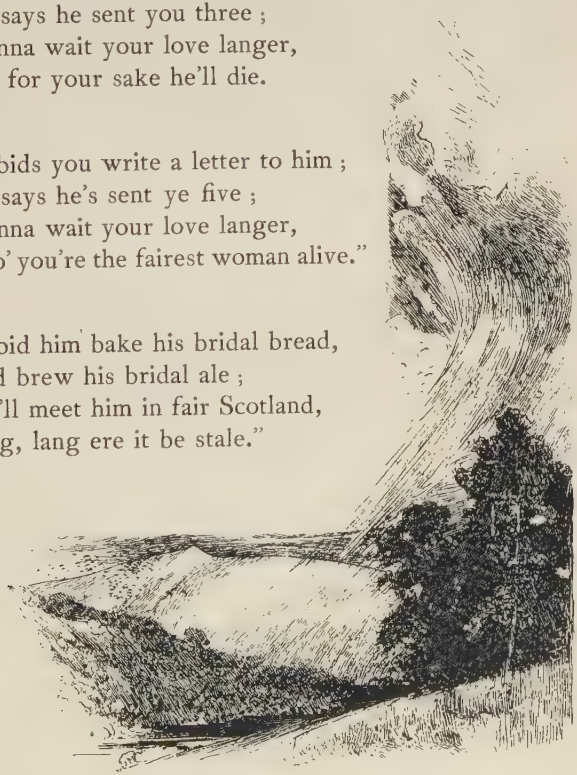
birk, birch. *shot-window*, projecting window. *sen*, sent.

O first he sang a merry song,
And then he sang a grave ;
And then he pick'd his feathers gray,
To her the letter gave.

"Ha, there's a letter frae your love,
He says he sent you three ;
He canna wait your love langer,
But for your sake he'll die.

"He bids you write a letter to him ;
He says he's sent ye five ;
He canna wait your love langer,
Tho' you're the fairest woman alive."

"Ye bid him bake his bridal bread,
And brew his bridal ale ;
And I'll meet him in fair Scotland,
Lang, lang ere it be stale."



She's doen to her father dear,
Fa'en low down on her knee :
" A boon, a boon, my father dear,
I pray you, grant it me."

" Ask on, ask on, my daughter,
An granted it shall be ;
Except ae squire in fair Scotland,
An him you shall never see."

" The only boon, my father dear,
That I do crave of thee,—
Is, gin I die in Southern lands,
In Scotland to bury me.

" And the firstin kirk that ye come till,
Ye gar the bells be rung ;
And the nextin kirk that ye come to,
Ye gar the mass be sung.

" And the thirdin kirk that ye come till,
You deal gold for my sake.
And the fourthin kirk that ye come till,
You tarry there till night."

She has doen her to her bigly bower
As fast as she could fare ;
And she has ta'en a sleepy draught,
That she had mix'd wi' care.

gar, make. *bigly*, big.

She's laid her down upon her bed,
An soon she fa'en asleep,
And soon o'er every tender limb
Cold death began to creep.

When night was flown, and day was come,
Nae ane that did her see
But thought she was a surely dead,
As ony lady could be.

Her father and her brothers dear
Gar'd make to her a bier ;
The tae half was o' gude red gold,
The tither o' silver clear.

Her mither and her sisters fair
Gar'd work for her a sark ;
The tae hálf was o' cambric fine
The tither o' needle wark.

An the firstin kirk that they came till,
They gar'd the bells be rung ;
The nextin kirk that they came till,
They gar'd the mass be sung.

The thirdin kirk that they came till,
They dealt gold for her sake,
An' the fourthin kirk that they came till,
Lo, there they met her make.

make, mate.

"Lay down, lay down the bigly bier,"
"Let me the dead look on:"
Wi' cherry cheeks and ruby lips
She lay and smiled on him.

"O ae shave of your bread, true love,
An' ae glass of your wine;
For I hae fasted for your sake
These fully days is nine.

"Gang hame, gang hame, my seven bold brithers,
Gang hame and sound your horn!
And ye may boast in southern lands
Your sister's played you scorn."

Brown Adam

O WHA wad wish the wind to blaw,
  Or the green leaves fa' therewith?
Or wha wad wish a lealer love
  Than Brown Adam the Smith?

His hammer's o' the beaten gold,
  His study's o' the steel,

study, that which stands, *i.e.* the anvil (?)

His fingers white, are my delight,
He blows his bellows weel.

But they hae banish'd him, Brown Adam,
Frae father and frae mother ;
And they hae banish'd him, Brown Adam,
Frae sister and frae brother.

And they hae banish'd Brown Adam,
Frae the flower o' a' his kin ;
And he's bigged a bower i' the gude green-wood
Between his lady and him.

O it fell once upon a day,
Brown Adam he thought lang ;
An' he would to the green-wood gang,
To hunt some venison.

He has ta'en his bow his arm o'er,
His bran' intill his han',
And he is to the gude green-wood
As fast as he could gang.

O he's shot up, and he's shot down,
The bird upon the briar ;
And he sent it hame to his lady,
Bade her be of gude cheer.

O he's shot up, and he's shot down,
The bird upon the thorn ;
And sent it hame to his lady,
Said he'd be hame the morn.

When he came to his lady's bower door
He stood a little forbye,
And there he heard a fu' fause knight
Tempting his gay lady.

For he's ta'en out a gay goud ring,
Had cost him many a poun',
"O grant me love for love, lady,
And this sall be thy own."—

"I lo'e Brown Adam weel," she says;
"I wot sae does he me;
An' I wadna gie Brown Adam's love
For nae fause knight I see."—

Out has he ta'en a purse o' goud,
Was a' fu' to the string,
"O grant me but love for love, lady,
And a' this sall be thine."—

"I lo'e Brown Adam weel," she says;
"I wot sae does he me:
I wadna be your light leman,
For mair nor ye could gie."

Then out has he drawn his lang, lang bran',
And he's flash'd it in her een;
"Now grant me love for love, lady,
Or thro' ye this shall gang!"—

Oh, sighing, said that gay lady,
"Brown Adam tarries lang!"—
Then up it starts Brown Adam,
Says—"I'm just at your hand."—

He's gar'd him leave his bow, his bow,
He's gar'd him leave his brand,
He's gar'd him leave a better pledge—
Four fingers o' his right hand.

The Laird o' Logie

I will sing, if ye will hearken,
If ye will hearken unto me;
The king has ta'en a poor prisoner,
The wanton laird o' young Logie.

Young Logie's laid in Edinburgh chapel,
Carmichael's the keeper o' the key;
And May Margaret's lamenting sair,
A' for the love o' young Logie.

"Lament, lament na, May Margaret,
And of your weeping let me be;
For ye maun to the king himsel',
To seek the life o' young Logie."

May Margaret has kilted her green cleiding,
And she has curl'd back her yellow hair,—
"If I canna get young Logie's life,
Farewell to Scotland for evermair."

When she came before the king,
She kneelit lowly on her knee.
"O what's the matter, May Margaret?
And what needs a' this courtesy?"

"A boon, a boon, my noble liege,
A boon, a boon, I beg o' thee!
And the first boon that I come to crave
Is to grant me the life o' young Logie."

"O na, O na, May Margaret,
Forsooth, and so it mauna be;
For a' the gowd o' fair Scotland
Shall not save the life o' young Logie."

But she has stown the king's redding kaim,
Likewise the queen her wedding knife;
And sent the tokens to Carmichael,
To cause young Logie get his life.

She sent him a purse o' the red gowd,
Another o' the white money;
She sent him a pistol for each hand,
And bade him shoot when he gat free.

stown, stolen. *redding kaim*, hair comb.

When he came to the Tolbooth stair,
Then he let his volley flee ;
It made the king in his chamber start,
E'en in the bed where he might be.

"Gae out, gae out, my merrymen a',
And bid Carmichael come speak to me ;
For I'll lay my life the pledge o' that,
That yon's the shot o' young Logie."

When Carmichael came before the king,
He fell low down upon his knee ;
The very first word that the king spake
Was,—"Where's the laird of young Logie?"

Carmichael turn'd him round about,
(I wot the tear blinded his e'e,)—
"There came a token frae your grace
Has ta'en away the laird frae me."

"Hast thou play'd me that, Carmichael?
And hast thou play'd me that?" quoth he ;
"The morn the Justice Court's to stand,
And Logie's place ye maun supply."

Carmichael's awa to Margaret's bower,
Even as fast as he may dri'e,—
"O if young Logie be within,
Tell him to come and speak with me!"

dri'e, drive.

May Margaret turn'd her round about,
(I wot a loud laugh laughed she,)—
"The egg is chipp'd, the bird is flown,
Ye'll see nae mair of young Logie."

The tane is shipped at the pier of Leith,
The t'other at the Queen's Ferry;
And she's gotten a father to her bairn,
The wanton laird of young Logie.

Johnnie of Breadislee

Johnnie rose up in a May morning,
Call'd for water to wash his hands—
"Gar loose to me the gude gray dogs,
That are bound wi' iron bands."

When Johnnie's mother gat word o' that,
Her hands for dule she wrang—
"O Johnnie! for my benison,
To the greenwood dinna gang!

"Enough ye hae o' gude wheat bread,
And enough o' the blood-red wine;
And therefore, for nae venison, Johnnie,
I pray ye, stir frae hame."

But Johnnie's busk'd up his gude bent bow,
His arrows, ane by ane,
And he has gane to Durrisdeer,
To hunt the dun deer down.

As he came down by Merriemass,
And in by the benty line,
There has he espied a deer lying
Aneath a bush of ling.

Johnnie he shot, and the dun deer lap,
And he wounded her on the side ;
But atween the water and the brae,
His hounds they laid her pride.

And Johnnie has bryttled the deer sae weel,
That he's had out her liver and lungs ;
And wi' these he has feasted his bluidy hounds,
As if they had been earl's sons.

They eat sae much o' the venison,
And drank sae much o' the blude,
That Johnnie and a' his bluidy hounds
Fell asleep as they had been dead.

And by there came a silly auld carle,
An ill death mote he die !
For he's awa' to Hislinton,
Where the seven Foresters did lie.

benty line, path covered with bent (?). *bryttled*, cut up.
carle, churl.

"What news, what news, ye gray-headed carle,
What news bring ye to me?"
"I bring nae news," said the gray-headed carle,
"Save what these eyes did see.

"As I came down by Merriemass,
And down among the scroggs,
The bonniest child that ever I saw
Lay sleeping amang his dogs.

"The shirt that was upon his back
Was o' the Holland fine;
The doublet which was over that
Was o' the Lincoln twine.

"The buttons that were on his sleeve
Were o' the goud sae gude;
The gude gray hounds he lay amang,
Their mouths were dyed wi' blude"

Then out and spak the First Forester
The head man ower them a'—
"If this be Johnnie o' Breadislee,
Nae nearer will we draw."

But up and spak the Sixth Forester,
(His sister's son was he,)
"If this be Johnnie o' Breadislee,
We soon shall gar him die."

scroggs, stunted trees.

The first flight of arrows the Foresters shot,
They wounded him on the knee ;
And out and spak the Seventh Forester,
"The next will gar him die."

Johnnie's set his back against an aik,
His foot against a stane ;
And he has slain the Seven Foresters,
He has slain them a' but ane.

He has broke three ribs in that ane's side,
But and his collar bane ;
He's laid him twa-fald ower his steed,
Bade him carry the tidings hame.

"O is there nae a bonny bird
Can sing as I can say,
Could flee away to my mother's bower,
And tell to fetch Johnnie away ?"

The starling flew to his mother's window stane,
It whistled and it sang ;
And aye the ower word o' the tune
Was—"Johnnie tarries lang !"

They made a rod o' the hazel bush,
Another o' the sloe-thorn tree,
And mony mony were the men
At fetching o'er Johnnie.

aik, oak. *the ower word*, the refrain.

Then out and spake his auld mother,
And fast her tears did fa'—
"Ye wad nae be warn'd, my son Johnnie,
Frae the hunting to bide awa'.

"Aft hae I brought to Breadislee
The less gear and the mair,
But I ne'er brought to Breadislee
What grieved my heart sae sair.

"But wae betide that silly auld carle!
An ill death shall he die!
For the highest tree in Merriemas
Shall be his morning's fee."

Now Johnnie's gude bend bow is broke,
And his gude gray dogs are slain;
And his body lies dead in Durrisdeer,
And his hunting it is done.

KINMONT WILLY

O HAVE ye na heard o' the fause Sakelde?
O have ye na heard o' the keen Lord Scroope?
How they hae ta'en bould Kinmont Willy,
On Haribee to hang him up?

Had Willy had but twenty men,
But twenty men as stout as he,
Fause Sakelde had never the Kinmont ta'en,
Wi' eight score in his company.

They band his legs beneath the steed,
They tied his hands behind his back;
They guarded him, five some on each side,
And they brought him ower the Liddel-rack.

They led him thro' the Liddel-rack,
And also thro' the Carlisle sands;
They brought him to Carlisle castle,
To be at my Lord Scroope's commands.

band, bound.

"My hands are tied, but my tongue is free,
And wha will dare this deed avow?
Or answer by the Border law?
Or answer to the bauld Buccleuch?"

"Now haud thy tongue, thou rank reiver!
There's never a Scot shall set thee free:
Before ye cross my castle yate,
I trow ye shall take farewell o' me."

"Fear na ye that, my lord," quo' Willy:
"By the faith o' my body, Lord Scroope," he said,
"I never yet lodged in a hostelry,
But I paid my lawing before I gaed."

Now word is gane to the bauld Keeper,
In Branksome Ha' where that he lay,
That Lord Scroope has ta'en the Kinmont Willy,
Between the hours of night and day.

He has ta'en the table wi' his hand,
He gar'd the red wine spring on high—
"Now Christ's curse on my head," he said,
"But avenged of Lord Scroope I'll be!

"O is my basnet a widow's curch?
Or my lance a wand of the willow-tree?
Or my arm a lady's lily hand,
That an English lord should lightly me!

reiver, robber. *yate*, gate. *lawing*, reckoning.
basnet, helmet. *curch*, kerchief.

"And have they ta'en him, Kinmont Willy,
Against the truce of Border tide,
And forgotten that the bauld Buccleuch
Is keeper there on the Scottish side?

"And have they e'en ta'en him, Kinmont Willy,
Withouten either dread or fear,
And forgotten that the bauld Buccleuch
Can back a steed, or shake a spear?

"O were there war between the lands,
As well I wot that there is none,
I would slight Carlisle castle high,
Though it were builded of marble stone.

"I would set that castle in a low,
And sloken it with English blood!
There's never a man in Cumberland,
Should ken where Carlisle castle stood.

"But since nae war's between the lands,
And there is peace, and peace should be;
I'll neither harm English lad or lass,
And yet the Kinmont freed shall be!"

He has call'd him forty Marchmen bauld,
I trow they were of his ain name,
Except Sir Gilbert Elliot, call'd
The Laird of Stobs, I mean the same.

slight, *i.e.*, make little of. *sloken*, slake.

He has call'd him forty Marchmen bauld,
Were kinsmen to the bauld Buccleuch;
With spur on heel, and splent on spauld,
And gloves of green, and feathers blue.

There were five and five before them a',
Wi' hunting-horns and bugles bright:
And five and five came wi' Buccleuch,
Like warden's men, array'd for fight.

And five and five, like a mason-gang,
That carried the ladders lang and high;
And five and five, like broken men;
And so they reach'd the Woodhouselee.

And as we cross'd the Bateable Land,
When to the English side we held,
The first o' men that we met wi',
Wha should it be but fause Sakelde?

"Where be ye gaun, ye hunters keen?"
Quo' fause Sakelde; "come tell to me!"
"We go to hunt an English stag,
Has trespass'd on the Scots country."

"Where be ye gaun, ye marshal-men?"
Quo' fause Sakelde; "come tell me true!"
"We go to catch a rank reiver,
Has broken faith wi' the bauld Buccleuch."

splent, armour. *spauld*, shoulder.

"Where are ye gaun, ye mason lads,
Wi' a' your ladders lang and high?"
"We gang to herry a corbie's nest,
That wons not far frae Woodhouselee."

"Where be ye gaun, ye broken men?"
Quo' fause Sakelde; "Come tell to me!"
Now Dicky of Dryhope led that band,
And the never a word of lear had he.

"Why trespass ye on the English side?
Row-footed outlaws, stand!" quo' he;
Then never a word had Dicky to say,
Sae he thrust the lance through his fause body.

Then on we held for Carlisle toun,
And at Staneshaw-bank the Eden we cross'd;
The water was great and mickle of spate,
But the never a horse nor man we lost.

And when we reach'd the Staneshaw-bank,
The wind was rising loud and high;
And there the Laird gar'd leave our steeds,
For fear that they should stamp and neigh.

And when we left the Staneshaw-bank,
The wind began full loud to blaw;
But 'twas wind and weet, and fire and sleet,
When we came beneath the castle wa'.

herry, harry. *wons*, dwells. *lear*, lying.
row-footed, rough-footed.

We crept on knees, and held our breath,
Till we placed the ladders against the wa';
And sae ready was Buccleuch himsel'
To mount the first before us a'.

He has ta'en the watchman by the throat,
He flung him down upon the lead—
"Had there not been peace between our lands,
Upon the other side thou hadst gaed!

"Now sound out, trumpets!" quo' Buccleuch;
"Let's waken Lord Scroope right merrily!"
Then loud the warden's trumpet blew—
O wha dare meddle wi' me?

Then speedily to wark we gaed,
And raised the slogan ane and a',
And cut a hole through a sheet of lead,
And so we wan to the castle ha'.

They thought King James and a' his men
Had won the house wi' bow and spear;
It was but twenty Scots and ten,
That put a thousand in sic a stear!

Wi' coulters, and wi' forehammers,
We gar'd the bars bang merrily,
Until we came to the inner prison,
Where Willy o' Kinmont he did lie.

forehammers, sledge-hammers. *stear*, stir. *slogan*, war-cry.

And when we came to the lower prison,
Where Willy o' Kinmont he did lie—
"O sleep ye, wake ye, Kinmont Willy,
Upon the morn that thou's to die?"

"O I sleep saft, and I wake aft,
It's lang since sleeping was fley'd frae me;
Gie my service back to my wife and bairns,
And a' gude fellows that speer for me."

Then Red Rowan has hente him up,
The starkest man in Teviotdale—
"Abide, abide now, Red Rowan,
Till of my Lord Scroope I take farewell.

"Farewell, farewell, my gude Lord Scroope!
My gude Lord Scroope, farewell!" he cried—
"I'll pay you for my lodging mail,
When first we meet on the Border side."

Then shoulder high, with shout and cry,
We bore him down the ladder lang:
At every stride Red Rowan made,
I wot the Kinmont's airns play'd clang.

"O mony a time," quo' Kinmont Willy,
"I have ridden horse baith wild and wood;
But a rougher beast than Red Rowan
I ween my legs have ne'er bestrode.

hente, caught. *fley'd*, frightened. *starkest*, strongest. *airns*, irons.

"And mony a time," quo' Kinmont Willy,
"I've prick'd a horse out ower the furs;
But since the day I back'd a steed,
I never wore sic cumbrous spurs."

We scarce had won the Staneshaw-bank,
When a' the Carlisle bells were rung,
And a thousand men on horse and foot
Came wi' the keen Lord Scroope along.

Buccleuch has turn'd to Eden Water,
Even where it flow'd frae bank to brim,
And he has plunged in wi' a' his band,
And safely swam them through the stream.

He turn'd him on the other side,
And at Lord Scroope his glove flung he—
"If ye like na my visit in merry England,
In fair Scotland come visit me!"

All sore astonish'd stood Lord Scroope,
He stood as still as rock of stane;
He scarcely dared to trew his eyes,
When through the water they had gane.

He is either himsel' a devil frae hell,
Or else his mother a witch maun be;
"I wadna hae ridden that wan water
For a' the gowd in Christianty."

furs, furrows. *trew*, trust.

≈ The Drowned ≈ Lovers

"Ye gie corn unto my horse,
An' meat unto my man;
For I will gae to my true love's gates
This night, that I can win."

"O stay at hame this ae night, Willy,
This ae bare night wi' me;
The best bed in a' my house
Shall be well made to thee."

"I carena for your beds, mither,
I carena a pin;
For I'll gae to my love's gates
This night, gin I can win."

'Oh stay, my son Willy, this night,
This ae night wi' me;
The best hen in a' my roost
Shall be well made ready for thee."

"I carena for your hens, mither,
I carena a pin;
I shall gae to my love's gates
This night, gin I can win."

"Gin ye winna stay, my son Willy,
This ae bare night wi' me,
Gin Clyde's water's be deep and fu' o' flood,
My malison drown thee!"

He rade up yon high hill,
And down yon dowie den,
The roaring of Clyde's water
Wad hae fleyed ten thousand men.

"O spare me, Clyde's water,
O spare me as I gae!
Mak' me your wrack as I come back,
But spare me as I gae!"

He rade in, and farther in,
Till he came to the chin;
And he rade in, and farther in,
Till he came to dry land.

And when he came to his love's gates,
He tirled at the pin.
"Open your gates, Meggie,
Open your gates to me;
For my boots are fu' o' Clyde's water
And the rain rains ower my chin."

"I hae nae lovers thereout," she says,
"I hae nae love within;
My true-love is in my arms twa,
An' nane will I let in."

den, hollow.

"Open your gates, Meggie, this ae night,
Open your gates to me;
For Clyde's water is fu' o' flood,
And my mother's malison 'll drown me."

"Ane o' my chambers is fu' o' corn,
An ane is fu' o' hay;
Another is fu' o' gentlemen;—
An' they winna move till day."

Out waked her may Meggie,
Out of her drowsy dream.
"I dreamed a dream sin the yestreen,
God read a' dreams to guid,
That my true love Willy
Was staring at my bed-feet."

"Lay still, lay still, my ae dochter,
An keep my back frae the call,
For it's na the space o' half an hour,
Sen he gaed frae your hall."

An' hey Willy, and hoa, Willy,
Winna ye turn agen;
But aye the louder that she cried,
He rade against the win'.

He rade up yon high hill,
And doun yon dowie den;
The roaring that was in Clyde's water,
Wad ha fleyed ten thousand men.

read, explain. *call*, cold.

He rade in, an' farther in,
  Till he came to the chin;
An' he rade in, an' further in,
  But never mair was seen.

. . . . .

There was na mair seen o' that guid lord,
  But his hat frae his head;
There was na more seen of that lady,
  But her comb and her snood.

There waders went up and doun,
  Eddying Clyde's water;
Have done us wrang.

≈ The Twa ≈ Brothers

There were twa brethren in the north,
  They went to the school together;
The one unto the other said
  Will ye try a warsle afore?

They warsled up, they warsled down,
  Till Sir John fell to the ground;
And there was a knife in Sir William's pouch,
  Gi'ed him a deadly wound.

warsle, wrestle.

"O brither dear, take me upon your back,
Carry me to yon burn clear,
And wash the blood from off my wound,
And it will bleed nae mair."

He's took him up upon his back,
Carried him to yon burn clear,
And wash'd the blood from off his wound,
But aye it bled the mair.

"Oh brither dear, take me on your back,
Carry me to yon kirk-yard,
And dig a grave baith wide and deep,
And lay my body there."

He's ta'en him up upon his back,
Carried him to yon kirkyard,
And dug a grave baith deep and wide,
And laid his body there.

"But what will I say to your father dear,
Gin he chance to say, Willy, where's John?"
"O say that he's to England gone,
To buy him a cask of wine."

"And what will I say to my mother dear,
Gin she chance to say, Willy, where's John?"
"Oh say that he's to England gone,
To buy her a new silk gown."

"And what will I say to my sister dear,
Gin she chance to say, Willy, where's John?"
"Oh say that he's to England gone,
To buy her a wedding ring."

"But what shall I say to her you love dear,
Gin she cry, why tarries my John?"
"Oh tell her I lie in Kirkland fair,
And home again will never come."

≈ The Laird of Waristoun

Down by yon garden green
Sae merrily as she gaes;
She has twa weel-made feet,
And she trips upon her taes.

She has twa weel-made feet;
Far better is her hand;
She's as jimp in the middle
As ony willow-wand.

"Gif ye will do my bidding,
At my bidding for to be,
It's I will make you lady
Of a' the lands you see."

. . . . .

He spak a word in jest ;
  Her answer wasna good ;
He threw a plate at her face,
  Made it a' gush out o' blood.

She wasna frae her chamber
  A step but barely three,
When up and at her right hand
  There stood Man's Enemy.

" Gif ye will do my bidding,
  At my bidding for to be ;
I'll learn you a wile
  Avenged for to be."

The Foul Thief knotted the tether ;
  She lifted his head on high ;
The nourice drew the knot
  That gar'd lord Waristoun die.

Then word is gane to Leith,
  Also to Edinburgh town,
That the lady had kill'd the laird,
  The laird o' Waristoun.

. . . . .

" Tak aff, tak aff my hood,
  But lat my petticoat be ;
Put my mantle o'er my head ;
  For the fire I daurna see.

"Now, a' ye gentle maids,
Tak warning now by me,
And never marry ane
But wha pleases your e'e.

"For he married me for love,
But I married him for fee;
And sae brak out the feud
That gar'd my deary die."

Young Beichan and Susie Pye

In London city was Beichan born,
He longed strange countries for to see;
But he was ta'en by a savage Moor,
Who handled him right cruelly;

For through his shoulder he put a bore ;
And through the bore has putten a tree ;
And he's gar'd him draw the carts of wine
Where horse and oxen had wont to be.

He's casten [him] in a dungeon deep,
Where he could neither hear nor see ;
He's shut him up in a prison strong,
And he's handled him right cruelly.

O this Moor he had but ae daughter,
I wot her name was Susie Pye ;
She doen her to the prison house,
And she's called young Beichan one word by.

" O have ye any lands, or rents,
Or cities in your own country,
Could free you out of prison strong,
And could maintain a lady free ? "

" O London city is my own,
And other cities twa or three,
Could loose me out of prison strong,
And could maintain a lady free "

O she has brib'd her father's men
Wi' mickle gold and white money ;
She's gotten the keys of the prison door
And she has set young Beichan free.

bore, hole. *tree*, pole. *free*, noble.

She's gi'en him a loaf of good white bread,
But an' a flask of Spanish wine ;
And she bad him mind on the lady's love
That sae kindly freed him out of pine.

" Go set your foot on good ship-board,
And haste ye back to your own country ;
And before that seven years have an end,
Come back again, love, and marry me."

It was long ere seven years had an end,
She long'd full sore her love to see ;

She's set her foot on good ship-board,
And turn'd her back on her own country.

She's sailed up, so has she doun,
Till she came to the other side ;
She's landed at young Beichan's gates,
An I hope this day she shall be his bride.

" Is this young Beichan's gates," says she,
" Or is that noble prince within ? "
" He's up the stairs wi' his bonny bride,
An mony a lord and lady wi him."

pine, woe.

" And has he ta'en a bonny bride ?
An' has he clean forgotten me ? "
An', sighin', said that gay lady,
" I wish I were in my own country."

But she's putten her han' in her pocket,
An' gi'en the porter guineas three ;
Says, " take ye that, ye proud porter,
An' bid the bridegroom speak to me."

O when the porter came up the stair,
He's fa'n low down upon his knee—
" Win up, win up, ye proud porter,
And what makes a' this courtesy ? "

" O I've been porter at your gates,
This mair nor seven years and three ;
But there is a lady at them now,
The like of whom I never did see ;

" For on every finger she has a ring,
And on the mid finger she has three ;
And as mickle gold aboon her brow
As would buy an earldom o' lan' to me."

Then up it started Young Beichan,
An' swear so loud by our Lady,
" It can be nane but Susie Pye,
That has come o'er the sea to me.

win up, get up.

And quickly ran he down the stair ;
Of fifteen steps he has made but three ;
He's ta'en his bonny love in his arms,
And I wot he kissed her tenderly.

"O hae ye ta'en a bonny bride ?
And hae ye quite forsaken me ?
And hae ye quite forgotten her,
That gave you life and liberty ?"

She looked o'er her left shoulder,
To hide the tears stood in her e'e :
"Now fare thee well, young Beichan," she says,
"I'll try to think no more on thee."

"Take back your daughter, madam," he says,
"An' a double dowry I'll gie her wi' ;
For I maun marry my first true love,
That's done and suffered so much for me."

He's ta'en his bonny love by the hand,
And led her to yon fountain stane ;
He's changed her name from Susie Pye,
And he's call'd her his bonny love, Lady Jane.

Lizzie Lindsay

. . . . . .

Out it spake Lizzie Lindsay,
The tear blinket in her ee;
How can I leave father and mother,
Along with young Donald to gae.

Out spak Lizzie's young handmaid,
A bonny young lassie was she;
Said,—"were I heiress to a kingdom,
Along wi' young Donald I'd gae."

"O say you so to me, Nelly?
O say ye so to me?
Must I leave Edinburgh city,
To the high Highland to gae?"

Out spak Lizzie's own mother,
A good old lady was she,
"If ye speak sic a word to my daughter,
I'll gar hang ye high."

"Keep weel your daughter frae me, madam;
Keep weel your daughter frae me;
I care as little for your daughter,
As ye can care for me."

The road grew wetty and dubby ;
And Lizzie began to think lang ;
Said, "I wish I had stayed with my mother,
And na wi' young Donald had gone."

"Ye're welcome hame, Sir Donald ;
Ye're welcome hame to me ;
Ye're welcome hame, Sir Donald,
And your bonny young lady wi' ye."

. . . . . .

"Ye call na me Sir Donald,
But ca me Donald your son."

"Rise up, Lizzie Lindsay,
You have lain too long in the day ;
You might have helped my mother
To milk her goats and her kye."

Out it spake Lizzie Lindsay,
The tear blinket her eye ;
"The ladies o' Edinburgh city
They neither milk goats nor kye."

dubby, full of puddles.

The Birth of Robin Hood

O Willy's large o' limb and lith,
And come o' high degree,
And he is gone to Earl Richard
To serve for meat and fee.

Earl Richard had but ae daughter,
Fair as a lily flower;
And they made up their love-contract
Like proper paramour.

It fell upon a simmer's night,
When the leaves were fair and green,
That Willy met his gay lady,
Intill the wood alane.

"O narrow is my gown, Willy,
That wont to be sae wide;
And gane is a' my fair colour,
That wont to be my pride.

"But gin my father should get word
What's past between us twa,
Before that he should eat or drink,
He'd hang you o'er that wa'.

lith, joint.

" But ye'll come to my bower, Willy,
Just as the sun goes down ;
And keep me in your arms twa,
And latna me fa' down."

O when the sun was now gane down,
He's doen him till her bower ;
And there, by the lee light o' the moon,
Her window she lookit o'er.

Intill a robe o' red scarlet
She lap, fearless o' harm ;
And Willy was large o' lith and limb,
And keepit her in his arm.

And they've gane to the gude green-wood,
And ere the night was deen,
She's borne to him a bonny young son,
Amang the leaves sae green.

Whan night was gane, and day was come,
And the sun began to peep,
Up and raise the Earl Richard
Out o' his drowsy sleep.

He's ca'd upon his merry young men,
By ane, by twa, and by three,
" O what's come o' my daughter dear,
That she's na come to me ?

lee, sad. *deen*, done.

"I dreamt a dreary dream last night,
God grant it come to gude !
I dreamt I saw my daughter dear,
Drown in the saut sea flood.

"But gin my daughter be dead or sick,
Or yet be stown awa',
I mak a vow, and I'll keep it true,
I'll hang ye ane and a' ! "

They sought her back, they sought her fore,
They sought her up and down ;
They got her in the gude green wood,
Nursing her bonny young son.

He took the bonny boy in his arms,
And kissed him tenderly ;
Says, "Though I would your father hang,
Your mother's dear to me."

He kissed him o'er and o'er again ;
"My grandson I thee claim ;
And Robin Hood in gude green wood,
And that shall be your name."

And mony ane sings o' grass, o' grass,
And mony ane sings o' corn ;
And mony ane sings o' Robin Hood,
Kens little where he was born.

It was na in the ha', the ha',
Nor in the painted bower;
But it was in the gude green wood,
Amang the lily flower.

The Baron of Brackley

Down Dee side came Inverey whistling and playing;
He's lighted at Brackley yates at the day dawing.

Says, "Baron o' Brackley, O are ye within?
There's sharp swords at the yate will gar your blood spin."

The lady raise up, to the window she went;
She heard her kye lowing o'er hill and o'er bent.

"O rise up, ye baron, and turn back your kye;
For the lads o' Drumwharran are driving them by."

"How can I rise, lady, or turn them again!
Where'er I have ae man, I wot they hae ten."

"Then rise up, my lasses, take rocks in your hand,
And turn back the kye;—I hae you at command.

bent, plain. *rocks*, distaffs.

" Gin I had a husband, as I hae nane,
He wadna lie in his bower, see his kye ta'en."

Then up got the baron, and cried for his graith ;
Says, " Lady, I'll gang, tho' to leave you I'm laith.

" Come, kiss me, then, Peggy, and gie me my spear ;
I ay was for peace, though I never fear'd weir.

" Come, kiss me, then, Peggy, nor think I'm to blame ;
I weel may gae out, but I'll never win in ! "

When Brackley was busked, and rade o'er the closs,
A gallanter baron ne'er lap to a horse.

When Brackley was mounted, and rade o'er the green,
He was as bold a baron as ever was seen.

Tho' there cam' wi' Inverey thirty and three,
There was nane wi' bonny Brackley but his brother and he.

Twa gallanter Gordons did never sword draw ;
But against four and thirty, wae's me, what is twa?

Wi' swords and wi' daggers they did him surround ;
And they've pierced bonny Brackley wi' mony a wound.

graith, armour. *weir*, war. *busked*, dressed. *closs*, close.

Frae the head o' the Dee to the banks o' the Spey
The Gordons may mourn him, and bann Inverey.

"O came ye by Brackley yates, was ye in there?
Or saw ye his Peggy dear riving her hair?"

"O I came by Brackley yates, I was in there,
And I saw his Peggy a-making good cheer."

That lady she feasted them, carried them ben;
She laugh'd wi' the men that her baron had slain.

"O fie on you, lady! how could you do sae?
You open'd your yates to the fause Inverey."

She ate wi' him, drank wi' him, welcom'd him in;
She welcom'd the villain that slew her baron!

She kept him till morning, syne bade him be gane,
And shaw'd him the road that he shou'dna be ta'en.

"Thro' Birss and Aboyne," she says, "lyin in a tour,
O'er the hills o' Glentanar you'll skip in an hour."

—There's grief in the kitchen, and mirth in the ha';
But the Baron o' Brackley is dead and awa.

≈ Child Vyet ≈

Lord Ingram and Child Vyet,
Were both born in ane bower,
Had both their loves on one Lady,
The less was their honour.

Child Vyet and Lord Ingram,
Were both born in one hall,
Had both their loves on one Lady,
The worse did them befall.

Lord Ingram woo'd the Lady Maisry,
From father and from mother ;
Lord Ingram woo'd the Lady Maisry,
From sister and from brother.

Lord Ingram wooed the Lady Maisry,
With leave of all her kin ;
And every one gave full consent,
But she said no, to him.

Lord Ingram wooed the Lady Maisry,
Into her father's ha' ;
Child Vyet wooed the Lady Maisry,
Amang the sheets so sma'.

Now it fell out upon a day,
She was dressing her head,

That ben did come her father dear,
Wearing the gold so red.

"Get up now, Lady Maisry,
Put on your wedding gown,
For Lord Ingram will be here,
Your wedding must be done!"

"I'd rather be Child Vyet's wife,
The white fish to sell,
Before I were Lord Ingram's wife,
To wear the silk so well!

"I'd rather be Child Vyet's wife,
With him to beg my bread,
Before I'd be Lord Ingram's wife,
To wear the gold so red.

"Where will I get a bonny boy,
Will win gold to his fee,
Will run unto Child Vyet's,
With this letter from me?"

"O here, I am the boy," says one,
"Will win gold to my fee,
And carry away any letter,
To Child Vyet from thee."

ben, in.

And when he found the bridges broke,
He bent his bow and swam ;
And when he found the grass growing,
He hasten'd and he ran.

And when he came to Vyet's castle,
He did not knock nor call,
But set his bent bow to his breast,
And lightly leaped the wall ;
And ere the porter open'd the gate,
The boy was in the hall.

The first line that Child Vyet read,
A grieved man was he ;
The next line that he looked on,
A tear blinded his e'e.

"What ails my own brother," he says,
"He'll not let my love be ;
But I'll send to my brother's bridal ;
The woman shall be free.

"Take four and twenty bucks and ewes,
And ten tun of the wine,
And bid my love be blithe and glad,
And I will follow syne."

There was not a groom about that castle,
But got a gown of green ;

And a' was blithe, and a' was glad,
But Lady Maisry was wi' wean.

There was no cook about the kitchen,
But got a gown of gray ;
And a' was blythe, and a' was glad,
But Lady Maisry was wae.

'Tween Mary Kirk and that castle,
Was all spread o'er with [garl].
To keep the lady and her maidens,
From tramping on the [marl].

From Mary Kirk to that castle,
Was spread a cloth of gold,
To keep the lady and her maidens,
From treading on the mould.

When mass was sung, and bells were rung,
And all men bound for bed,
Then Lord Ingram and Lady Maisry,
In one bed they were laid.

When they were laid upon their bed,
It was baith soft and warm,
He laid his hand over her side,
Says he, "you are with bairn."

wean, child. *garl*, gravel, *marl*, mould.

"I told you once, so did I twice,
When ye came as my wooer,
That Child Vyet, your one brother,
One night lay in my bower!"

"I told you twice, so did I thrice,
Ere ye came me to wed,
That Child Vyet, your one brother,
One night lay in my bed!"

"O will you father your bairn on me,
And on no other man?
And I'll gie him to his dowry,
Full fifty ploughs of land."

"I will not father my bairn on you,
Nor on no wrongous man,
Tho' you would give him to his dowry,
Five thousand ploughs of land."

Then up did start him Child Vyet,
Shed by his yellow hair,
And gave Lord Ingram to the heart,
A deep wound and a sair.

Then up did start him Lord Ingram,
Shed by his yellow hair,
And gave Child Vyet to the heart,
A deep wound and a sair.

shed by, put back.

There was no pity for the two lords,
  Where they were lying slain,
All was for Lady Maisry :
  In that bower she gaed brain!

There was no pity for the two lords,
  When they were lying dead,
All was for Lady Maisry :
  In that bower she went mad!

"O get to me a cloak of cloth,
  A staff of good hard tree ;
If I have been an evil woman,
  I shall beg till I die.

"For ae bit I'll beg for Child Vyet,
  For Lord Ingram I'll beg three,
All for the honourable marriage, that
  At Mary Kirk he gave me!"

brain, mad. *tree*, wood.

Robin Hood and the Monk

In summer when the shaws be sheen,
And leaves be large and long,
It is full merry in fair forest
To hear the fowlés song.

To see the deer draw to the dale,
And leave the hillés high,
And shadow them in the leaves green,
Under the green-wood tree.

It befell on Whitsuntide,
Early in a May morning,
The sun up fair can shine,
And the birdés merry can sing.

shaws, wood. *sheen*, bright.

"This is a merry morning," said Little John,
"By Him that died on tree;
A more merry man then I am one
Lives not in Christianté."

"Pluck up thy heart, my dear master,"
Little John can say,
"And think it is a full fair time
In a morning of May."

"The one thing grieves me," said Robin,
"And does my heart much woe,
That I may not so solemn day
To mass nor matins go.

"It is a fortnight and more," said he,
"Since I my Saviour see;
To-day will I to Nottingham," said Robin,
"With the might of mild Mary."

Then spake Much the miller son,
Ever more well him betide,
"Take twelve of thy wight yeomen
Well weaponed by thy side.
Such one would thyself slon
That twelve dare not abide."

slon, slay.

"Of all my merry men," said Robin,
"By my faith I will none have;
But Little John shall bear my bow
Till that me list to draw."

. . . . . .

"Thou shall bear thine own," said Little John,
"Master, and I will bear mine;
And we will shoot a penny," said Little John,
"Under the green wood line."

"I will not shoot a penny," said Robin Hood,
"In faith, Little John, with thee,
But ever for one as thou shoots," said Robin,
"In faith I hold thee three."

Thus shot they forth, these yeomen two,
Both at busk and broom,
Till Little John won of his master
Five shillings to hose and shoon.

A ferly strife fell them between,
As they went by the way;
Little John said he had won five shillings,
And Robin Hood said shortly nay.

line, tree. *busk*, bush. *ferly*, wonderful.

With that Robin Hood lied little John,
And smote him with his hand;
Little John waxed wroth therewith,
And pulled out his bright brand.

"Were thou not my master," said little John,
"Thou shouldest be hit full sore;
Get thee a man where thou wilt, Robin,
For thou gets me no more."

Then Robin goes to Nottingham,
Himself morning alone,
And Little John to merry Sherwood,
The paths he knew ilkone.

When Robin came to Nottingham,
Certainly withouten lain,
He prayed to God and mild Mary
To bring him out safe again.

He goes into saint Mary church,
And kneeled down before the rood;
All that ever were the church within
Beheld well Robin Hood.

Beside him stood a great-headed monk,
I pray to God woe he be;
Full soon he knew good Robin
As soon as he him see.

ilkone, each one. *lain*, hindrance (?).

Out at the door he ran
Full soon and anon ;
All the gates of Nottingham
He made to be sparred everyone.

" Rise up," he said, " thou proud sheriff,
Busk thee and make thee boun ;
I have spied the king's felon,
Forsooth he is in this town.

" I have spied the false felon,
As he stands at his mass ;
It is long of thee," said the monk,
" An ever he fro us pass.

" This traitor's name is Robin Hood ;
Under the green wood lind,
He robbed me once of a hundred pound,
It shall never out of my mind."

Up then rose this proud sheriff,
And radly made him yare ;
Many was the mother son
To the kirk with him can fare.

In at the door they throly thrast
With staves full God wone.
" Alas, alas," said Robin Hood,
" Now miss I Little John."

sparred, shut. *boun*, ready. *lind*, tree.
radly, quickly. *yare*, ready. *throly*, boldly.
thrast, pressed. *wone*, knows.

But Robin took out a two-hand sword
That hanged down by his knee;
There as the sheriff and his men stood thickest,
Thitherward would he.

Thrice throughout them he ran,
Forsooth as I you say,
And wounded many a mother's son,
And twelve he slew that day.

His sword upon the sheriff's head
Certainly he brake in two;
"The smith that thee made," said Robin,
"I pray to God work him woe.

"For now am I weaponless," said Robin,
"Alas, against my will;
But if I may flee these traitors fro,
I wot they will me kill."

Robin in to the church ran,
Throughout them everyone;
. . . . .

Some fell in swooning as they were dead,
And lay still as any stone.
None of them were in their mind
But only Little John.

" Let be your [dule]," said Little John,
" For His love that died on tree ;
Ye that should be doughty men,
It is great shame to see.

" Our master has been hard bestood,
And yet scaped away ;
Pluck up your hearts and leave this moan,
And hearken what I shall say.

" He has served Our Lady many a day,
And yet will securely ;
Therefore I trust in her specially
No wicked death shall he die.

" Therefore be glad," said Little John,
" And let this mourning be,
And I shall be the monk's guide,
With the might of mild Mary.

" We will go but we two
And I meet him," said Little John,
. . . . .

" Look that ye keep well our tristil tree
Under the leaves small,
And spare none of this venison
That goes in this vale."

dule, weeping. *tristil*, trysting.

Forth then went these yeomen two,
Little John and Much infere,
And looked on Much emy's house
The highway lay full near.

Little John stood at a window in the morning,
And looked forth at a stage ;
He was ware where the monk came riding,
And with him a little page.

" By my faith," said Little John to Much,
" I can thee tell tidings good,
I see where the monk comes riding,
I know him by his wide hood."

They went into the way these yeomen both,
As courteous men and hende,
They speered tidings at the monk,
As they had been his friend.

" Fro whence come ye," said Little John ;
" Tell us tidings, I you pray,
Of a false outlaw [called Robin Rood],
Was taken yesterday.

" He robbed me and my fellows both
Of twenty mark in certain.
If that false outlaw be taken,
Forsooth we would be fain."

infere, together. *emys*, uncle's. *hende*, gentle.

"So did he me," said the monk,
"Of a hundred pound and more;
I laid first hand him upon,
Ye may thank me therefore."

"I pray God thank you," said Little John,
"And we will when we may;
We will go with you, with your leave,
And bring you on your way.

"For Robin Hood has many a wild fellow,
I tell you in certain;
If they wist ye rode this way,
In faith ye should be slain."

As they went talking by the way,
The monk and Little John,
John took the monk's horse by the head
Full soon and anon.

John took the monk's horse by the head,
Forsooth as I you say,
So did Much the little page,
For he should not stir away.

By the gullet of the hood
John pulled the monk down;
John was nothing of him aghast,
He let him fall on his crown.

Little John was sore aggrieved,
And drew out his sword in high ;
The monk saw he should be dead,
Lord mercy can he cry.

" He was my master," said Little John,
" That thou has brought in bale ;
Shall thou never come at our king
For to tell him tale."

John smote off the monk's head,
No longer would he dwell ;
So did Much the little page,
For fear lest he would tell.

There they buried them both
In neither moss nor ling,
And Little John and Much infere
Bare the letters to our king.

. . . . .

He kneeled down upon his knee,
" God you save, my liege lord,
" Jesus you save and see.

" God you save, my liege king,"
To speak John was full bold ;
He gave him the letters in his hand,
The king did it unfold.

bale, trouble.

The king read the letters anon,
And said, " so mot I thee,
There was never yeoman in merry England
I longed so sore to see.

" Where is the monk that these should have brought ? "
Our king gan say ;
" By my troth," said Little John,
" He died after the way."

The king gave Much and Little John
Twenty pound in certain,
And made them yeomen of the crown,
And bade them go again.

He gave John the seal in hand,
The sheriff for to bear,
To bring Robin him to,
And no man do him dere.

John took his leave at our king,
The sooth as I you say ;
The next way to Nottingham
To take he yede the way.

When John came to Nottingham
The gates were sparred each one ;
John called up the porter,
He answered soon anon.

dere, harm. *yede*, went.

"What is the cause," said Little John,
"Thou sparrest the gates so fast?"
"Because of Robin Hood," said [the] porter,
In deep prison is cast.

"John, and Much, and Will Scathlock,
Forsooth as I you say,
There slew our men upon our walls,
And sawten us every day."

Little John speered after the sheriff,
And soon he him found;
He opened the king's privy seal,
And gave him in his hand.

When the sheriff saw the king's seal,
He did off his hood anon;
"Where is the monk that bare the letters?"
He said to Little John.

"He is so fain of him," said Little John,
"Forsooth as I you say,
He has made him abbot of Westminster,
A lord of that abbey."

The sheriff made John good cheer,
And gave him wine of the best;
At night they went to their bed,
And every man to his rest.

sawten, sought.

When the sheriff was on sleep
Drunken of wine and ale,
Little John and Much forsooth
Took the way into the jail.

Little John called up the jailor,
And bade him rise anon ;
He said Robin Hood had broken prison,
And out of it was gone.

The porter rose anon certain,
As soon as he heard John call ;
Little John was ready with a sword,
And bare him to the wall.

" Now will I be porter," said Little John,
" And take the keys in hand ; "
He took the way to Robin Hood,
And soon he him unbound.

He gave him a good sword in his hand,
His head therewith for to keep,
And there as the wall was lowest
Anon down can they leap.

By that the cock began to crow,
The day began to spring,
The sheriff found the jailor dead,
The coming bell made he ring.

He made a cry throughout all the tow[n],
Whether he be yeoman or knave,
That could bring him Robin Hood,
His warison he should have.

"For I dare never," said the sheriff,
"Come before our king,
For if I do, I wot certain,
Forsooth he will me hang."

The sheriff made to seek Nottingham,
Both by street and stye,
And Robin was in merry Sherwood
As list as leaf on lind.

Then bespake good Little John,
To Robin Hood can he say,
"I have done thee a good turn for an evil,
Quit thee when thou may.

"I have done thee a good turn," said Little John,
"Forsooth as I you say;
I have brought thee under green wood lind;
Farewell, and have good day."

"Nay, by my troth," said Robin Hood,
"So shall it never be;
I make thee master," said Robin Hood,
"Of all my men and me."

warison, reward. *stye*, lane. *list*, pleased.

"Nay, by my troth," said Little John,
"So shall it never be,
But let me be a fellow," said Little John,
"None other kepe I'll be."

Thus John got Robin Hood out of prison,
Certain withouten lain;
When his men saw him whole and sound,
Forsooth they were full fain.

They filled in wine, and made them glad,
Under the leaves small,
And eat pasties of venison,
That good was with ale.

Then word came to our king,
How Robin Hood was gone,
And how the sheriff of Nottingham
Durst never look him upon.

Then bespake our comely king,
In an anger high,
"Little John has beguiled the sheriff,
In faith so has he me,

"Little John has beguiled us both,
And that full well I see,
Or else the sheriff of Nottingham
High hanged should he be.

kepe I'll be, relations I'll have. *lain*, deception.

"I made them yeomen of the crown,
And gave them fee with my hand,
I gave them grith," said our king,
Throughout all merry England.

"I gave them grith," then said our king,
"I say, so might I thee,
Forsooth such a yeoman as he is one
In all England are not three.

"He is true to his master," said our king,
"I say, by sweet Saint John;
He loves better Robin Hood,
Then he does us each one.

"Robin Hood is ever bound to him,
Both in street and stall;
Speak no more of this matter," said our king,
"But John has beguiled us all."

Thus ends the talking of the monk
And Robin Hood i-wis;
God, that is ever a crowned king,
Bring us all to his bliss.

grith, protection.

≋ The Bonny House o' Airly ≋

It fell on a day, and a bonny summer day,
When the corn grew green and yellow,
That there fell out a great dispute,
Between Argyle and Airly.

The Duke o' Montrose has written to Argyle
To come in the morning early,
An' lead in his men, by the back o' Dunkeld,
To plunder the bonny house o' Airly.

The lady look'd o'er her window sae high,
And O but she looked weary!
And there she espied the great Argyle
Come to plunder the bonny house o' Airly.

"Come down, come down, Lady Margaret," he says,
"Come down, and kiss me fairly,
Or before the morning clear daylight,
I'll no leave a standing stane in Airly.

"I wadna kiss thee, great Argyle,
I wadna kiss thee fairly,
I wadna kiss thee, great Argyle,
Gin you shouldna leave a standing stane in Airly.

He has ta'en her by the middle sae sma',
Says, "Lady, where is your drury?"
"It's up and down by the bonny burn side,
Amang the planting o' Airly."

They sought it up, they sought it down,
They sought it late and early,
And found it in the bonny balm-tree,
That shines on the bowling-green o' Airly.

He has ta'en her by the left shoulder,
And O but she grat sairly,
And led her down to yon green bank,
Till they plundered the bonny house o' Airly.

"But gin my good lord had been at hame,
As this night he is wi' Charlie,
There durst na a Campbell in a' the west
Hae plundered the bonny house o' Airly.

"O it's I hae seven braw sons," she says,
"And the youngest ne'er saw his daddy,
And altho' I had as mony mae,
I wad gie them a' to Charlie."

drury, dowry. *grat*, wept.

Bonny James Campbell

O it's up in the Hielands,
And along the sweet Tay,
Did bonny James Campbell
Ride mony a day.

Saddled and bridled
And bonny rode he;
Hame came horse, hame came saddle,
But ne'er hame came he!

And doun came his sweet sisters
Greeting sae sair,
And doun came his bonny wife,
Tearing her hair.

"My house is unbigged,
My bairn's unborn,
My corn's unshorn;
My meadow grows green."

unbigged, unbuilt.

Hind Horn

In Scotland there was a baby born,
Lill lal, &c.;
And his name it was called Young Hind Horn,
With a fal lal, &c.

He sent a letter to our King,
That he was in love with his dochter Jean.

He's gi'en to her a silver wand,
With seven living laverocks sitting thereon.

She's gi'en to him a diamond ring,
With seven bright diamonds set therein.

When this ring grows pale and wan,
You may know by it my love is gane.

One day as he looked his ring upon,
He saw the diamonds pale and wan.

laverocks, larks.

He left the sea, and came to land,
And the first that he met was an old beggar man.

"What news, what news?" said young Hind Horn,
"No news, no news," said the old beggar man.

"No news," said the beggar, "no news at a',
But there is a wedding in the King's ha'.

"But there is a wedding in the King's ha',
That has holden these forty days and twa."

"Will you lend me your begging coat?
And I'll lend you my scarlet cloak.

"Will you lend me thy begging rung?
And I'll give ye my steed to ride upon.

"Will ye lend me your wig o' hair
To cover mine, because it is fair."

The auld beggar man was bound for the mill,
But young Hind Horn for the King's hall.

The auld beggar man was bound for to ride,
But young Hind Horn was bound for the bride.

rung, staff.

When he came to the King's gate,
He sought a drink for Hind Horn's sake.

The bride came down with a glass of wine,
When he drank out the glass, and dropt in
the ring.

"O got ye this by sea, or land?
Or got ye it off a dead man's hand?"

"I got it not by sea, I got it by land,
And I got it madam out of your own hand."

"O I'll cast off my gowns of brown,
And beg wi' you frae town to town;

"O I'll cast off my gowns of red,
And I'll beg with you to win my bread."

"Ye needna cast off your gowns of brown,
For I'll make you lady of many a town;

"Ye needna cast off your gowns of red,
It's only a sham, the begging o' my bread."

The bridegroom he had wedded the bride,
But young Hind Horn he took her to bed.

Richie Story

The Earl of Wigton had three daughters,
O and a wally, but they were unco bonny ;
The eldest of them had the far brawest house,
But she's fallen in love with her footman-laddy.

As she was a-walking doun by yon river-side,
O and a wally, but she was unco bonny ;
There she espied her own footman,
With ribbons hanging over his shoulders sae bonny.

"Here's a letter to you, madame,
Here's a letter to you, madame ;
The Earl of Hume is waiting on,
And he has his service to you, madame."

"I'll have none of his service," says she,
"I'll have none of his service," says she,
"For I've made vow, and I'll keep it true,
That I'll marry none but you, Richie."

"O say not so again, madame,
O say not so again, madame ;
For I have neither land nor rents
For to keep you on, madame."

"I'll live where'er you please, Richie,
I'll live where'er you please, [Richie]
And I'll be ready at your ca',
Either late or early, Richie."

As they went in by Stirling toun,
O and a wally, but she was unco bonny!
A' her silks were sailing on the ground,
But few of them knew of Richie Story.

As they went in by the Parliament Close,
O and a wally, but she was unco bonny!
All the nobles took her by the hand,
But few of them knew she was Richie's lady.

As they came in by her good-mother's yetts,
O and a wally, but she was unco bonny!
Her good-mother bade her kilt her coats,
And muck the byre with Richie Story.

"O, may not ye be sorry, madame,
O, may not ye be sorry, madame,
To leave a' your lands at bonny Cumberland,
And follow home your footman-laddy?"

"What need I be sorry?" says she,
"What need I be sorry?" says she,
"For I've gotten my lot and my heart's desire,
And what Providence has ordered for me."

good-mother, mother-in-law. *byre*, cow-house.

Eppie Morrie

Four and twenty Highland men
Came a' from Carrie side,
To steal awa' Eppie Morrie,
'Cause she would not be a bride.

Out it's came her mother,
It was a moonlight night,
She could not see her daughter.
The swords they shin'd so bright.

"Haud far awa' frae me, mother,
Haud far awa' frae me;
There's not a man in a' Strathdon
Shall wedded be with me."

They have taken Eppie Morrie,
And horseback bound her on,
And then awa' to the minister,
As fast as horse could gang.

He's taken out a pistol,
And set it to the minister's breast;
"Marry me, marry me, minister,
Or else I'll be your priest."

"Haud far awa' frae me, good sir,
Haud far awa' frae me;
For there's not a man in a' Strathdon
That shall married be with me."

"Haud far awa' frae me, Willy,
Haud far awa' frae me;
For I darna avow to marry you,
Except she's as willing as ye."

They have taken Eppie Morrie,
Since better could na be,
And they're awa' to Carrie side,
As fast as horse could flee.

Then mass was sung, and bells were rung,
And all were bound for bed,
Then Willy an' Eppie Morrie
In one bed they were laid.

"Haud far awa' frae me, Willy,
Haud far awa' frae me;
Before I'll lose my maidenhead,
I'll try my strength with thee."

She took the cap from off her head,
And threw it to the way;
Said, "Ere I lose my maidenhead,
I'll fight with you till day."

Then early in the morning,
Before her clothes were on,
In came the maiden of Scalletter,
Gown and shirt alone.

"Get up, get up, young woman,
And drink the wine wi' me;"
"You might have called me maiden,
I'm sure as leal as thee."

"Wally fa' you, Willy,
That ye could na prove a man,
And ta'en the lassie's maidenhead;
She would have hired your han'."

"Haud far awa' frae me, lady,
Haud far awa' frae me;
There's not a man in a' Strathdon,
The day shall wed wi' me."

Soon in there came Belbordlane,
With a pistol on every side;
"Come awa' hame, Eppie Morrie,
And there you'll be my bride."

"Go get to me a horse, Willy,
And get it like a man,
And send me back to my mother,
A maiden as I cam'.

"The sun shines o'er the westlin hills,
By the light lamp of the moon,
Just saddle your horse, young John Forsyth,
And whistle, and I'll come soon."

Young Akin

Lady Margaret sits in her bower door,
Sewing at her silken seam;
She heard a note in Elmond's-wood,
And wish'd she there had been.

She loot the seam fa' frae her side,
And the needle to her tae;
And she is on to Elmond-wood
As fast as she could gae.

She hadna pu'd a nut, a nut,
Nor broken a branch but ane,
Till by it came a young hind chiel,
Says, "Lady, lat alane.

"O why pu' ye the nut, the nut,
Or why brake ye the tree?
For I am forester o' this wood;
Ye shou'd speer leave at me."

hind chiel, young stripling. *speer*, ask.

"I'll ask leave at no living man,
Nor yet will I at thee;
My father is king o'er a' this realm,
This wood belongs to me."

She hadna pu'd a nut, a nut,
Nor broken a branch but three,
Till by it came him Young Akin,
And gar'd her lat them be.

The highest tree in Elmond's-wood,
He's pu'd it by the reet;
And he has built for her a bower
Near by a hollow seat.

He's built a bower, made it secure
Wi' carbuncle and stane;
Tho' travellers were never sae nigh,
Appearance it had nane.

He's kept her there in Elmond's-wood,
For six lang years and one;
Till six pretty sons to him she bear,
And the seventh she's brought home.

It fell ance upon a day,
This guid lord went from home;
And he is to the hunting gane,
Took wi' him his eldest son,

And when they were on a guid way,
Wi' slowly pace did walk,
The boy's heart being something wae,
He thus began to talk :—

"A question I wou'd ask, father,
Gin ye wou'dna angry be?"
"Say on, say on, my bonny boy,
Ye'se na be quarrell'd by me."

"I see my mither's cheeks aye weet,
I never can see them dry ;
And I wonder what aileth my mither,
To mourn continually."

"Your mither was a king's daughter,
Sprung frae a high degree ;
And she might hae wed some worthy prince,
Had she na been stown by me.

"I was her father's cup-bearer,
Just at that fatal time ;
I catch'd her on a misty night,
When summer was in prime.

"My love to her was most sincere,
Her love was great for me ;
But when she hardships doth endure,
Her folly she does see."

"I'll shoot the buntin' o' the bush,
The linnet o' the tree,
And bring them to my dear mither,
See if she'll merrier be."

It fell upo' another day,
This guid lord he thought lang,
And he is to the hunting gane,
Took wi' him his dog and gun.

Wi' bow and arrow by his side,
He's off, single, alane;
And left his seven children to stay
Wi' their mither at hame.

"O, I will tell to you, mither,
Gin ye wadna angry be:"
"Speak on, speak on, my little wee boy,
Ye'se na be quarrell'd by me."

"As we came frae the hind-hunting,
We heard fine music ring:"
"My blessings on you my bonny boy,
I wish I'd been there my lane."

He's ta'en his mither by the hand,
His six brithers also,
And they are on thro' Elmond's-wood,
As fast as they could go.

buntin', blackbird. *lane*, self.

They wistna weel where they were ga'en,
Wi' the strattlins o' their feet ;
They wistna weel where they were ga'en,
Till at her father's gate.

" I hae nae money in my pocket,
But royal rings hae three ;
I'll gie them you, my little young son,
And ye'll walk there for me.

" Ye'll gie the first to the proud porter,
And he will lat you in ;
Ye'll gie the next to the butler boy,
And he will show you ben ;

" Ye'll gie the third to the minstrel
That plays before the king ;
He'll play success to the bonny boy,
Came thro' the wood him lane."

He gae the first to the proud porter,
And he open'd and let him in ;
He gae the next to the butler boy,
And he has shown him ben ;

He gae the third to the minstrel
That play'd before the king ;
And he play'd success to the bonny boy,
Came thro' the wood him lane.

strattlins, straddlings (?). *ben*, in.

Now when he came before the king,
Fell low down on his knee :
The king he turned round about,
And the saut tear blinded his ee.

"Win up, win up, my bonny boy,
Gang frae my company ;
Ye look sae like my dear daughter,
My heart will burst in three."

"If I look like your dear daughter,
A wonder it is none ;
If I look like your dear daughter,
I am her eldest son.

"Will ye tell me, ye wee little boy,
Where may my Margaret be ? "
"She's just now standing at your gates,
And my six brothers her wi'."

"O where are all my porter-boys
That I pay meat and fee,
To open my gates baith wide and braid ?
Let her come in to me."

When she came in before the king,
Fell low down on her knee :
"Win up, win up, my daughter dear,
This day ye'll dine wi' me."

" Ae bit I canna eat, father,
Nor ae drop can I drink,
Till I see my mither and sister dear,
For lang for them I think."

When she came before the queen,
Fell low down on her knee :
" Win up, win up, my daughter dear,
This day ye'se dine wi' me."

" Ae bit I canna eat, mither,
Nor ae drop can I drink,
Until I see my dear sister,
For lang for her I think."

When that these two sisters met,
She hail'd her courteously :
" Come ben, come ben, my sister dear,
This day ye'se dine wi' me."

" Ae bit I canna eat, sister,
Nor ae drop can I drink,
Until I see my dear husband,
For lang for him I think."

" O where are all my rangers bold
That I pay meat and fee,
To search the forest far an' wide,
And bring Akin to me ? "

Out it speaks the wee little boy,—
"Na, na, this mauna be;
Without ye grant a free pardon,
I hope ye'll na him see."

"O here I grant a free pardon,
Well seal'd by my own han';
Ye may make search for young Akin,
As soon as ever you can."

They search'd the country wide and braid,
The forests far and near,
And found him into Elmond's-wood,
Tearing his yellow hair.

"Win up, win up, now young Akin,
Win up, and boun wi' me;
We're messengers come from the court;
The king wants you to see."

"O lat him take frae me my head,
Or hang me on a tree;
For since I've lost my dear lady,
Life's no pleasure to me."

"Your head will na be touch'd, Akin,
Nor hang'd upon a tree:
Your lady's in her father's court,
And all he wants is thee."

boun, go.

When he came in before the king,
Fell low down on his knee :
" Win up, win up now, young Akin,
This day ye'se dine wi' me."

But as they were at dinner set,
The boy asked a boon ;
" I wish we were in the good church,
For to get christendoun.

" We hae lived in guid green wood
This seven years and ane ;
But a' this time since e'er I mind,
Was never a church within."

" Your asking's na sae great, my boy,
But granted it shall be ;
This day to guid church ye shall gang,
And your mither shall gang you wi'."

When unto the guid church she came,
She at the door did stan' ;
She was sae sair sunk down wi' shame,
She couldna come farther ben.

Then out it speaks the parish priest,
And a sweet smile gae he ;—
" Come ben, come ben, my lily flower,
Present your babes to me."

Charles, Vincent, Sam, and Dick,
And likewise James and John;
They call'd the eldest Young Akin,
Which was his father's name.

Then they staid in the royal court,
And liv'd wi' mirth and glee;
And when her father was deceas'd,
Heir of the crown was she.

≈ Bonny Annie ≈

THERE was a rich lord, and he lived in Forfar,
He had a fair lady, and one only dochter.
O she was fair, O dear, she was bonny,
A ship's captain courted her to be his honey.

There came a ship's captain out ower the sea sailing,
He courted this young thing till he got her wi' bairn:—
"Ye'll steal your father's gowd, and your mother's money,
And I'll mak ye a lady in Ireland bonny."

She's stown her father's gowd and her mother's money,
But she was never a lady in Ireland bonny.

. . . . . .

"There's fey folk in our ship, she winna sail for me,
There's fey folk in our ship, she winna sail for me."
They've casten black bullets twice six and forty,
And ae the black bullet fell on bonny Annie.

"Ye'll tak me in your arms twa, lo, lift me canny,
Throw me out ower board, your ain dear Annie."
He has ta'en her in his arms twa, lo, lifted her canny,
He has laid her on a bed of down, his ain dear Annie.

"What can a woman do, love, I'll do for ye;"
"Muckle can a woman do, ye canna do for me.—
Lay about, steer about, lay our ship canny,
Do all you can to save my dear Annie."

"I've laid about, steer'd about, laid about canny,
But all I can do, she winna sail for me.
Ye'll tak her in your arms twa, lo, lift her canny,
And throw her out ower board, your ain dear Annie."

He has ta'en her in his arms twa, lo, lifted her canny,
He has thrown her out ower board, his ain dear Annie:
As the ship sailed, bonny Annie she swam,
And she was at Ireland as soon as them.

fey, doomed. *canny*, carefully.

He made his love a coffin of the gowd sae
yellow,
And buried his bonny love doun in a sea valley.

The Laird o' Drum

The Laird o' Drum is a wooing gane,
It was on a morning early,
And he has fawn in wi' a bonny may,
A-shearing at her barley.

"My bonny may, my weel-faur'd may,
O will you fancy me, O;
And gae and be the Lady o' Drum,
And lat your shearing abee, O?"

fawn, fallen.

"It's I canna fancy thee, kind sir,
I winna fancy thee, O,
I winna gae and be Lady o' Drum,
And lat my shearing abee, O.

"But set your love on anither, kind sir,
Set it not on me, O,
For I am not fit to be your bride,
And your whore I'll never be, O.

"My father he is a shepherd mean,
Keeps sheep on yonder hill, O,
And ye may gae and speer at him,
For I am at his will, O."

Drum is to her father gane,
Keeping his sheep on yon hill, O;
And he has gotten his consent
That the may was at his will, O.

"But my dochter can neither read nor write,
She was ne'er brought up at scheel, O;
But weel can she milk cow and ewe,
And mak a kebbuck weel, O.

"She'll win in your barn at bear-seed time,
Cast out your muck at Yule, O,
She'll saddle your steed in time o' need,
And draw off your boots hersel', O."

kebbuck, cheese. *win*, go.

"Have not I no clergymen?
Pay I no clergy fee, O?
I'll scheel her as I think fit,
And as I think weel to be, O.

"I'll learn your lassie to read and write,
And I'll put her to the scheel, O;
She'll neither need to saddle my steed,
Nor draw off my boots hersel', O.

"But wha will bake my bridal bread,
Or brew my bridal ale, O;
And wha will welcome my bonny bride,
Is mair than I can tell, O."

Drum is to the hielands gane,
For to mak a' ready,
And a' the gentry round about,
Cried, "Yonder's Drum and his lady!

"Peggy Coutts is a very bonny bride,
And Drum is a wealthy laddy,
But he might hae chosen a higher match,
Than ony shepherd's lassie."

Then up bespak his brither John,
Says, "Ye've deen us mickle wrang, O;
Ye've married een below our degree,
A lake to a' our kin, O."

"Hold your tongue, my brither John,
I have deen you na wrang, O;
For I've married een to work and win,
And ye've married een to spend, O.

"The first time that I had a wife,
She was far abeen my degree, O;
I durst na come in her presence,
But wi' my hat upo' my knee, O.

lake, reproach.

"The first wife that I did wed,
She was far abeen my degree, O;
She wadna hae walk'd to the yetts o' Drum,
But the pearls abeen her bree, O.

"But an' she was ador'd for as much gold,
As Peggy's for beauty, O,
She might walk to the yetts o' Drum,
Amang geed company, O."

There war four and twenty gentlemen
Stood at the yetts o' Drum, O;
There was na ane amang them a'
That welcom'd his lady in, O.

He has tane her by the milk-white hand,
And led her in himsel', O,
And in thro' ha's, and in thro' bowers,—
"And ye're welcome, Lady o' Drum, O."

Thrice he kissed her cherry cheek,
And thrice her cherry chin, O;
And twenty times her comely mou',—
"And ye're welcome, Lady o' Drum, O.

"Ye sall be cook in my kitchen,
Butler in my ha', O;
Ye sall be lady in my command,
Whan I ride far awa, O."—

bree, brow.

"But I told ye afore we war wed,
I was ower low for thee, O;
But now we are wed, and in ae bed laid,
And ye maun be content wi' me, O.

"For an' I war dead, and ye war dead,
And baith in ae grave laid, O,
And ye and I war tane up again,
Wha could distan your moulds frae mine, O?"

The Death of Queen Jane

Queen Jane, O! Queen Jane, O!
What a lady was she;
And she was in labour
Six weeks and a day:
Queen Jane was in labour
For six weeks or more,
Till the women grew weary
And fain would give o'er.

"O women, O women,
Good wives if ye be,
Go send for King Henry,
And bring him to me!"

distan, distinguish.

King Henry was sent for,
And to her he came.
"Dear lady! fair lady!
Your eyes they look dim."

King Henry came to her,
He came in all speed,
In a gown of red velvet
From heel to the head;
"King Henry, King Henry,
If kind you will be,
Send for a good doctor,
And let him come unto me!"

The doctor was sent for,
He came with all speed,
In a gown of black velvet
From heel to the head;
The doctor was sent for,
And to her he came.
"Dear lady! dear lady!
Your labour's in vain."

"Dear doctor! dear doctor!
Will you do this for me;
O open up my right side,
And save my baby."
Then out spake King Henry,
"That never can be;
I'd rather lose the branch than
The top of the tree."

The doctor gave a rich caudle,
The death-sleep slept she,
Then her right side was opened,
And the babe set free.
The babe it was christened,
And put out and nursed,
But the royal Queen Jane
She lay cold in the dust.

The Gardener

The gardener stands in his bower door,
Wi' a primrose in his hand ;
And by there came a leal maiden,
As jimp as a willow wand ;
And by there came a leal maiden,
As jimp as a willow wand.

"O lady can you fancy me,
For to be my bride;
Ye'se get a' the flowers in my garden,
To be to you a weed.

"The lily white sall be your smock,
Becomes your body neat;
Your head sall be decked wi' gilly-flower,
And the primrose in your breast.

"Your gown sall be o' the Sweet William;
Your coat the camovine;
Your apron o' the sallads neat,
That taste baith sweet and fine.

"Your stockings sall be o' the broad kail-blade,
That is baith broad and lang;
Narrow, narrow, at the coot,
And broad, broad at the brawn.

"Your gloves sall be the marigold,
All glittering to your hand,
Weel spread ower wi' the blue blaewort,
That grows in corn-land."

"O fare ye well, young man," she says,
"Farewell and I bid adieu;
Sin ye've provided a weed for me
Amang the simmer flowers,

camovine, camomile. *kail-blade*, leaf of colewort.
coot, ankle. *brawn*, calf.

Then I'll provide another for you,
Amang the winter-showers.

"The new fallen snow to be your smock;
Becomes your body neat;
Your head sall be decked wi' the eastern wind,
And the cold rain on your breast."

Johnny Scott

O Johnny was as brave a knight
As ever sail'd the sea,
An he's done him to the English court,
To serve for meat and fee.

He had na been in England
But yet a little while
Until the king's ae daughter
To Johnny proves wi' chil'.

O word's come to the king himsel'
In his chair where he sat
That his ae daughter was wi' bairn
To Jack, the Little Scott.

Gin this be true that I do hear,
As I trust well it be,
Ye put her into prison strong,
An' starve her till she die.

O Johnny's on to fair Scotland,
I wot, he went wi' speed,
And he has left the king's court,
I wot, good was his need.

O it fell once upon a day
That Johnny he thought lang;
An he's gane to the good green wood,
As fast as he could gang.

O where will I get a bonny boy,
To rin my errand soon;
That will rin into fair England,
An' haste him back again?

O up it starts a bonny boy,
Gold yellow was his hair,
I wish his mither mickle joy,
His bonny love mickle mair.

O here am I, a bonny boy,
Will rin your errand soon;
I will gang into fair England,
An' come right soon again.

O when he came to broken briggs
He bent his bow and swam,
An' when he came to the green grass growing
He slaiked his shoon an' ran.

When he came to yon high castle,
He ran it round about ;
An' there he saw the king's daughter
At the window looking out.

"O here's a sark o' silk, lady,
Your ain hand sew'd the sleeve,
You're bidden come to fair Scotland,
Speer nane o' your parents' leave.

"Ha, take this sark o' silk, lady,
Your ain hand sew'd the gare ;
You're bidden come to good green wood,
Love Johnny waits you there."

She's turned her right and round about
The tear was in her ee :
"How can I come to my true-love
Except I had wings to flee ?

"Here am I kept wi' bars and bolts,
Most grievous to behold ;
My breast-plate's o' the sturdy steel,
Instead of the beaten gold.

slaiked, loosened, *i.e.* took off. *sark*, shirt.
gare, hem.

"But take this purse, my bonny boy,
Ye well deserve a fee,
And bear this letter to my love,
An' tell him what you see."

Then quickly ran the bonny boy,
Again to Scotland fair,
An soon he reached Pitnachton's towrs,
An' soon found Johnny there.

He put the letter in his han',
An' told him what he saw,
But ere he half the letter read,
He loot the tears doun fa'.

O I will gae back to fair England,
Tho' death should me betide,
An' I will relieve the damsel
That lay last by my side.

Then out it spake his father dear:
"My son, you are to blame;
An' gin you're catched on English ground,
I fear you'll ne'er win hame."

Then out it spake a valiant knight,
Johnny's best friend was he:
"I can command five hunder men,
An' I'll his surety be."

The firstin town that they came till,
They gar'd the bells be rung ;
An' the nextin town that they came till,
They gar'd the mass be sung.

The thirdin town that they came till,
They gar'd the drums beat round,
The king but an' his nobles a'
Was startled at the sound.

When they came to the king's palace,
They rade it round about ;
An' there they saw the king himsel',
At the window looking out.

"Is this the Duke o' Albany,
Or James, the Scottish king ?
Or are ye some great foreign lord,
That's come a visiting ? "

"I'm na the Duke of Albany,
Nor James, the Scottish king ;
But I'm a valiant Scottish knight ;
Pitnachton is my name."

"O if Pitnachton be your name,
As I trust well it be ;
The morn, or I taste meat or drink,
You shall be hanged hi'."

Then out it spake the valiant knight,
That came brave Johnny wi' :
" Behold five hunder bowmen bold,
Will die to set him free."

Then out it spake the king again,
An' a scornfu' laugh laugh he :
" I have an Italian i' my house,
Will fight you three by three."

" O grant me a boon," brave Johnny cried,
" Bring your Italian here ;
Then if he fall beneath my sword,
I've won your daughter dear."

Then out it came, that Italian,
An' a curious ghost was he ;
Upon the point o' Johnny's sword,
This Italian did die.

Out has he drawn his lang, lang bran',
Struck it across the plain :
" Is there any more o' your English dogs,
That you want to be slain ? "

" A clerk, a clerk," the king then cried,
" To write her tocher free ; "
" A priest, a priest," says love Johnny,
" To marry my love and me.

"I'm seeking nane o' your gold," he says,
"Nor of your silver clear;
I only seek your daughter fair,
Whose love hast cost her dear."

Kemp Owyne

Her mother died when she was young,
Which gave her cause to make great moan;
Her father married the worst woman
That ever lived in Christendom.

She served her with foot and hand,
In every thing that she could dee;
Till once, in an unlucky time,
She threw her in ower Craigy's sea.

Says, "Lie you there, dove Isabel,
And all my sorrows lie with thee;
Till Kemp Owyne come ower the sea,
And borrow you with kisses three,
Let all the world do what they will,
Oh borrowed shall you never be."

Her breath grew strang, her hair grew lang,
And twisted thrice about the tree,
And all the people, far and near,
Thought that a savage beast was she;

borrow, redeem.

This news did come to Kemp Owyne,
Where he lived far beyond the sea.

He hasted him to Craigy's sea,
And on the savage beast look'd he ;
Her breath was strang, her hair was lang,
And twisted was about the tree,
And with a swing she came about :
"Come to Craigy's sea, and kiss with me."

"Here is a royal belt," she cried,
"That I have found in the green sea :
And while your body it is on,
Drawn shall your blood never be ;
But if you touch me, tail or fin,
I vow my belt your death shall be."

He stepped in, gave her a kiss,
The royal belt he brought him wi' ;
Her breath was strang, her hair was lang,
And twisted twice about the tree,
And with a swing she came about :
"Come to Craigy's sea, and kiss with me."

"Here is a royal ring," she said,
"That I have found in the green sea ;
And while your finger it is on,
Drawn shall your blood never be ;
But if you touch me, tail or fin,
I swear my ring your death shall be."

He stepped in, gave her a kiss,
The royal ring he brought him wi';
Her breath was strang, her hair was lang,
And twisted aince around the tree,
And with a swing she came about:
"Come to Craigy's sea, and kiss with me."

"Here is a royal brand," she said,
"That I have found in the green sea;
And while your body it is on,
Drawn shall your blood never be:
But if you touch me, tail or fin,
I swear my brand your death shall be."

He stepped in, gave her a kiss,
The royal brand he brought him wi';
Her breath was sweet, her hair grew short,
And twisted nane about the tree;
And smilingly she came about,
As fair a woman as fair could be.

The Weary Coble ≈ O' Cargill

David Drummond's destiny,
Gude man o' appearance o' Cargill;
I wot his blude rins in the flude,
Sae sair against his parents' will.

She was the lass o' Balathy toun,
And he the butler o' Stobhall;
And mony a time she walked late,
To bore the coble o' Cargill.

His bed was made in Kercock ha',
Of gude clean sheets and of the hay;
He wadna rest ae night therein,
But on the proud waters he wad gae.

His bed was made in Balathy toun,
Of the clean sheets and of the strae;
But I wot it was far better made,
Into the bottom o' bonny Tay.

She bored the coble in seven parts,
I wot her heart might hae been fu' sair;
For there she got the bonny lad lost,
Wi' the curly locks and the yellow hair.

He put his foot into the boat,
He little thought o' ony ill:
But before that he was mid-waters,
The weary coble began to fill.

"Woe be to the lass o' Balathy toun,
I wot an ill death may she die;
For she bored the coble in seven parts,
And let the waters perish me!

strae, straw.

"O help, O help I can get nane,
Nae help o' man can to me come!"
This was about his dying words,
When he was choked up to the chin.

"Gae tell my father and my mother,
It was naebody did me this ill;
I was a-going my ain errands,
Lost at the coble o' bonny Cargill."

She bored the boat in seven parts,
I wot she bored it wi' gude will;
And there they got the bonny lad's corpse,
In the kirk-shot o' bonny Cargill.

O a' the keys of bonny Stobha',
I wot they at his belt did hing;
But a' the keys of bonny Stobha',
They now lie low into the stream.

A braver page into his age
Ne'er set a foot upon the plain;
His father to his mother said,
"O sae soon as we've wanted him!"

I wot they had mair love than this,
When they were young and at the school;
But for his sake she walked late,
And bored the coble o' bonny Cargill.

shot, plot of land.

"There's ne'er a clean sark gae on my back,
Nor yet a kame gae in my hair;
There's neither coal nor candle light
Shall shine in my bower for ever mair.

"At kirk nor market I'se ne'er be at,
Nor yet a blithe blink in my ee;
There's ne'er a ane shall say to another,
That's the lassie gar'd the young man die."

Between the yetts o' bonny Stobha',
And the kirkstyle o' bonny Cargill,
There is mony a man and mother's son
That was at my love's burial.

≈ John Thomson and the Turk ≈

John Thomson fought against the Turks
Three years, intill a far country;
And all that time, and something mair,
Was absent from his gay lady.

But it fell aince upon a time,
As this young chieftain sat alane,
He spied his lady in rich array,
As she walk'd ower a rural plain.

"What brought ye here, my lady gay,
So far awa' from your ain country?
I've thought lang, and very lang,
And all for your fair face to see."

For some days she did with him stay,
Till it fell aince upon a day,
"Fareweel, for a time," she said,
"For now I must boun hame away."

He's gi'en to her a jewel fine,
Was set with pearl and precious stane;
Says, "My love, beware of these savages bold
That's in your way as ye gang hame.

"Ye'll take the road, my lady fair,
That leads you fair across the lea:
That keeps you from wild Hind Soldan,
And likewise from base Violentrie."

Wi' heavy heart they twa did part,
She mintet as she would gae hame;
Hind Soldan by the Greeks was slain,
But to base Violentrie she's gane.

When a twelvemonth had expired,
John Thomson he thought wondrous lang,
And he has written a braid letter,
And sealed it weel wi' his ain hand.

mintet, started off.

He sent it with a small vessel
That there was quickly ga'en to sea ;
And sent it on to fair Scotland,
To see about his gay lady.

But the answer he received again,—
The lines did grieve his heart right sair :
Nane of her friends there had her seen,
For a twelvemonth and something mair.

Then he put on a palmer's weed,
And took a pike-staff in his hand ;
To Violentrie's castle he hied ;
But slowly, slowly he did gang.

When within the hall he came,
He jooked and couch'd out ower his tree :
"If ye be lady of this hall,
Some of your good bountith gie me."

"What news, what news, palmer," she said,
"And from what country came ye?"
"I'm lately come from Grecian plains,
Where lies some of the Scots army."

"If ye be come from Grecian plains,
Some mair news I will ask of thee,—
Of one of the chieftains that lies there,
If he has lately seen his gay lady."

jooked, bowed. *tree*, staff.

"It is twa months, and something mair,
Since we did part on yonder plain;
And now this knight has began to fear
One of his foes he has her ta'en."

"He has not ta'en me by force nor slight;
It was a' by my ain free will;
He may tarry into the fight,
For here I mean to tarry still.

"And if John Thomson ye do see,
Tell him I wish him silent sleep;
His head was not so cosily,
Nor yet sae weel, as lies at my feet."

With that he threw off his strange disguise,
Laid by the mask that he had on;
Said, "Hide me now, my lady fair,
For Violentrie will soon be hame."

"For the love I bore thee aince,
I'll strive to hide you, if I can:"
Then she put him down in a dark cellar
Where there lay many a new slain man.

But he hadna in the cellar been,
Not an hour but barely three,
Then hideous was the noise he heard,
When in at the gate came Violentrie.

Says, "I wish you well, my lady fair,
It's time for us to sit to dine;
Come, serve me with the good white bread
And likewise with the claret wine.

"That Scots chieftain, our mortal foe,
Sae oft frae the field has made us flee,
Ten thousand zechins this day I'll give
That I his face could only see."

"Of that same gift would ye give me,
If I would bring him unto thee?
I fairly hold you at your word;—
Come ben, John Thomson, to my lord."

Then from the vault John Thomson came,
Wringing his hands most piteously:
"What would ye do," the Turk he cried,
"If ye had me as I hae thee?"

"If I had you as ye have me,
I'll tell ye what I'd do to thee;
I'd hang you up in good greenwood,
And cause your ain hand wale the tree.

"I meant to stick you with my knife
For kissing my beloved lady:"
"But that same weed ye've shaped for me,
It quickly shall be sewed for thee."

wale, choose. *weed*, dress.

Then to the wood they baith are gane ;
John Thomson clomb frae tree to tree ;
And aye he sighed and said, " Ochone !
Here comes the day that I must die."

He tied a ribbon on every branch,
Put up a flag his men might see ;
But little did his false foes ken
He meant them any injury.

He set his horn unto his mouth,
And he has blawn baith loud and shrill :
And then three thousand armed men
Came tripping all out ower the hill.

" Deliver us our chief," they all did cry ;
" It's by our hand that ye must die ; "
" Here is your chief," the Turk replied,
With that fell on his bended knee.

" O mercy, mercy, good fellows all,
Mercy I pray you'll grant to me ; "
" Such mercy as ye meant to give,
Such mercy we shall give to thee."

This Turk they in his castle burnt,
That stood upon yon hill so high ;
John Thomson's gay lady they took
And hanged her on yon greenwood tree.

≋ Lord Derwentwater ≋

Our King has wrote a lang letter
And sealed it ower with gold ;
He sent it to my lord Dunwaters,
To read it if he could.

He has not sent it with a boy, with a boy,
Nor with any Scotch lord ;
But he's sent it with the noblest knight
E'er Scotland could afford.

The very first line that my lord did read,
He gave a smirkling smile ;
Before he had the half of it read,
The tears from his eyes did fall.

"Come saddle to me my horse," he said,
"Come saddle to me with speed ;
For I must away to fair London town,
For me there was ne'er more need."

Out and spoke his lady gay,
In child-bed where she lay :
"I would have you make your will, my lord
Dunwaters,
Before you go away."

"I leave to you, my eldest son,
My houses and my land;
I leave to you, my youngest son,
Ten thousand pounds in hand.

"I leave to you, my lady gay,—
You are my wedded wife,—
I leave to you, the third of my estate,
That'll keep you in a lady's life."

They had not rode a mile but one,
Till his horse fell ower a stane:
"It's a warning good enough," my lord Dunwaters said,
"Alive I'll ne'er come hame."

When they came to fair London town,
Into the courtiers' hall,
The lords and knights in fair London town
Did him a traitor call.

"A traitor! a traitor!" says my lord,
"A traitor! how can that be?
An' it was na for the keeping of five thousand men,
To fight for King Jamie.

"O all you lords and knights in fair London town,
Come out and see me die;

O all you lords and knights in fair London
town,
Be kind to my lady.

"There's fifty pounds in my right pocket,
Divide it to the poor;
There's other fifty in my left pocket,
Divide it from door to door."

The Twa Magicians

The lady stands in her bower door,
As straight as willow wand;
The blacksmith stood a little forbye,
Wi' hammer in his hand.

"Weel may ye dress ye, lady fair,
Into your robes o' red;
Before the morn at this same time,
I'll gain your maidenhead!"

"Awa', awa', ye coal-black smith,
Would ye do me the wrang,
To think to gain my maidenhead,
That I hae kept sae lang?"

forbye, on one side.

Then she has hadden up her hand,
And she sware by the mould,
"I wadna be a blacksmith's wife,
For the full o' a chest o' gold.

"I'd rather I were dead and gone,
And my body laid in grave,
Ere a rusty stock o' coal-black smith,
My maidenhead should have."

But he has hadden up his hand,
And he sware by the mass,
"I'll cause ye be my light leman,
For the half o' that and less."
O bide, lady, bide,
And aye he bade her bide,
The rusty smith your leman shall be,
For a' your muckle pride.

Then she became a turtle dow,
To fly up in the air,
And he became another dow,
And they flew pair and pair.
O bide, lady, bide, &c.

She turned hersel' into an eel,
To swim into yon burn,
And he became a speckled trout,
To gie the eel a turn.
O bide, lady, bide, &c.

turn, trick.

Then she became a duck, a duck,
To puddle in a peel,
And he became a rose-kaimed drake,
To gie the duck a dreel.
O bide, lady, bide, &c.

She turned hersel' into a hare,
To rin upon yon hill,
And he became a gude grey-hound,
And boldly he did fill.
O bide, lady, bide, &c.

Then she became a gay gray mare,
And stood in yonder slack,
And he became a gilt saddle,
And sat upon her back.
Was she wae, he held her sae,
And still he bade her bide;
The rusty smith her leman was,
For a' her muckle pride.

Then she became a hot girdle,
And he became a cake,
And a' the ways she turn'd hersel',
The blacksmith was her make.
Was she wae, &c.

She turn'd hersel' into a ship,
To sail out ower the flood;

peel, pool. *dreel*, rush (?).
slack, dell. *make*, mate.

He ca'ed a nail intill her tail,
And syne the ship she stood.
Was she wae, &c.

Then she became a silken plaid,
And stretch'd upon a bed,
And he became a green covering,
And gain'd her maidenhead.
Was she wae, &c.

Brown Robin

The king but an his nobles a' } *bis*
Sat birling at the wine ;
He would ha' nane but his ae daughter
To wait on them at dine.

ca'ed, drove. *birling*, drinking.

She's serv'd them but, she's serv'd them ben,
Intill a gown of green,
But her ee was aye on Brown Robin
That stood low under the rain.

She's do'en her to her bigly bower,
As fast as she could gang,
An' there she's drawn her shot-window,
An' she's harped an' she's sang.

"There sits a bird i' my father's garden,
An O but she sings sweet!
I hope to live and see the day
When wi' my love I'll meet."

"O gin that ye like me as well
As your tongue tells to me,
What hour o' the night, my lady bright,
At your bower shall I be?"

"When my father and gay Gilbert
Are baith set at the wine,
O ready, ready I will be
To let my true-love in."

O she has birled her father's porter
Wi' strong beer an' wi' wine,
Until he was as beastly drunk
As ony wild-wood swine;
She's stown the keys o' her father's gates
An letten her true-love in.

bigly, pleasant. *shot*, projecting.

Whan night was gane, and day was come,
An the sun shone on their feet,
Then out it spake him Brown Robin :
"I'll be discovered yet."

Then out it spake that gay lady :
"My love, ye needna doubt ;
For wi' ae wile I've got you in,
Wi' anither I'll bring you out."

She's ta'en her to her father's cellar,
As fast as she can fare ;
She's drawn a cup o' the guid red wine,
Hung't low down by her gare ;
An' she met wi' her father dear
Just coming down the stair.

"I wouldna gie that cup, daughter,
That ye hold i' your hand
For a' the wines in my cellar,
An' gauntrees where they stand."

"O wae be to your wine, father,
That ever't came o'er the sea ;
'Tis putten my head in sick a steer
I' my bower I canna be."

"Gang out, gang out, my daughter dear,
Gang out an' take the air ;
Gang out an' walk i' the good green wood,
An' a' your marys fair."

gare, skirt. *steer*, stir.

Then out it spake the proud porter—
Our lady wished him shame—
"We'll send the marys to the wood,
But we'll keep our lady at hame."

"There's thirty marys i' my bower,
There's thirty o' them an' three;
But there's na ane among them a'
Kens what flower gains for me."

She's do'en her to her bigly bower,
As fast as she could bang,
An' she has dressed him, Brown Robin,
Like ony bower-woman.

The gown she put upon her love
Was o' the dainty green,
His hose was o' the saft, saft silk,
His shoon o' the cordwain fine.

She's putten his bow in her bosom,
His arrow in her sleeve,
His sturdy bran' her body next,
Because he was her love.

Then she is unto her bower-door,
As fast as she could gang;
But out it spake the proud porter—
Our lady wished him shame—
"We'll count our marys to the wood,
An we'll count them back again."

cordwain, leather.

The firsten mary she sent out
  Was Brown Robin by name ;
Then out it spake the king himsel',
  "This is a sturdy dame."

O she went out in a May morning,
  In a May morning so gay,
But she came never back again,
  Her auld father to see.

Blancheflour and ≋ Jellyflorice

There was a maid, richly array'd,
  In robes were rare to see ;
For seven years and something mair,
  She serv'd a gay lady.

But being fond o' a higher place,
  In service she thought lang ;
She took her mantle her about,
  Her coffer by the band.

And as she walk'd by the shore side,
  As blithe's a bird on tree,
Yet still she gaz'd her round about,
  To see what she could see.

coffer, cap.

At last she spied a little castle,
That stood near by the sea;
She spied it far, and drew it near,
To that castle went she.

And when she came to that castle,
She tirled at the pin;
And ready stood a little wee boy
To let this fair maid in.

"O who's the owner of this place,
O porter boy, tell me?"
"This place belongs unto a queen
O' birth and high degree."

She put her hand in her pocket,
And gae him shillings three;
"O porter, bear my message well,
Unto the queen frae me."

The porter's gane before the queen,
Fell low down on his knee;
"Win up, win up, my porter boy,
What makes this courtesy?"

"I hae been porter at your yetts,
My dame, these years full three,
But see a lady at your yetts,
The fairest my eyes did see."

"Cast up my yetts baith wide and braid,
Let her come in to me;
And I'll know by her courtesy,
Lord's daughter if she be."

When she came in before the queen,
Fell low down on her knee;
"Service frae you, my dame, the queen,
I pray you grant it me."

"If that service ye now do want,
What station will ye be?
Can ye card wool, or spin, fair maid,
Or milk the cows to me?"

"No, I can neither card nor spin,
Nor cows I canna milk;
But sit into a lady's bower,
And sew the seams o' silk."

"What is your name, ye comely dame?
Pray tell this unto me:"
"O Blancheflour, that is my name,
Born in a strange country."

"O keep ye well frae Jellyflorice;
My ain dear son is he;
When other ladies get a gift,
O' that ye shall get three."

It wasna told into the bower,
Till it went thro' the ha',
That Jellyflorice and Blancheflour
Were grown ower great witha'.

When the queen's maids their visits paid,
Upo' the gude Yule day,
When other ladies got horse to ride,
She boud take foot and gae.

The queen she call'd her stable groom,
To come to her right seen ;
Says, "Ye'll take out yon wild waith steed,
And bring him to the green.

" Ye'll take the bridle frae his head,
The lighters frae his e'en ;
Ere she ride three times roun' the cross,
Her weel days will be dune."

Jellyflorice his true love spy'd,
As she rade roun' the cross ,
And thrice he kiss'd her lovely lips,
And took her frae her horse.

" Gang to your bower, my lily flower,
For a' my mother's spite ;
There's nae other amang her maids,
In whom I take delight.

boud, was bound (?).
waith, wandering.
seen, soon.
lighters, blinkers.

"Ye are my jewel, and only ane,
Nane's do you injury;
For ere this-day-month come and gang,
My wedded wife ye'se be."

The Earl of Mar's Daughter

It was intill a pleasant time,
Upon a simmer's day;
The noble Earl of Mar's daughter
Went forth to sport and play.

As thus she did amuse hersel',
Below a green aik tree,
There she saw a sprightly doo
Set on a tower sae high.

"O Cow-me-doo, my love sae true,
If ye'll come down to me,
Ye'se hae a cage o' guid red gowd
Instead o' simple tree:

"I'll put gowd hingers roun' your cage,
And siller roun' your wa';
I'll gar ye shine as fair a bird
As ony o' them a'."

tree, wood. *hingers*, hangings.

But she had na these words well spoke,
Nor yet these words well said,
Till Cow-me-doo flew frae the tower,
And lighted on her head.

Then she has brought this pretty bird
Hame to her bowers and ha';
And made him shine as fair a bird
As ony o' them a'.

When day was gane, and night was come,
About the evening tide,
This lady spied a sprightly youth
Stand straight up by her side.

"From whence came ye, young man?" she said,
"That does surprise me sair;
My door was bolted right secure;
What way hae ye come here?"

"O hold your tongue, ye lady fair,
Let a' your folly be;
Mind ye not on your turtle doo
Last day ye brought wi' thee?"

"O tell me mair, young man," she said,
"This does surprise me now;
What country hae ye come frae?
What pedigree are you?"

"My mither lives on foreign isles,
She has nae mair but me;
She is a queen o' wealth and state,
And birth and high degree;

"Likewise well skill'd in magic spells,
As ye may plainly see;
And she transform'd me to yon shape,
To charm such maids as thee.

"I am a doo the live lang day,
A sprightly youth at night;
This aye gars me appear mair fair
In a fair maiden's sight.

"And it was but this verra day
That I came ower the sea;
Your lovely face did me enchant,—
I'll live and die wi' thee."

"O Cow-me-doo, my love sae true,
Nae mair frae me ye'se gae."
"That's never my intent, my love,
As ye said, it shall be sae."

"O Cow-me-doo, my love sae true,
It's time to gae to bed."
"Wi' a' my heart, my dear marrow,
It's be as ye hae said."

Then he has staid in bower wi' her
For sax lang years and ane,
Till sax young sons to him she bare,
And the seventh she's brought hame.

But aye as ever a child was born,
He carried them away,
And brought them to his mither's care,
As fast as he could fly.

Thus he has staid in bower wi' her
For twenty years and three ;
There came a lord o' high renown
To court this fair lady.

But still his proffer she refused,
And a' his presents too ;
Says, "I'm content to live alane
Wi' my bird, Cow-me-doo."

Her father sware a solemn oath
Amang the nobles all,
"The morn, or ere I eat or drink,
This bird I will gar kill."

The bird was sitting in his cage,
And heard what they did say ;
And when he found they were dismissed,
Says, "Wae's me for this day !

"Before that I do langer stay,
And thus to be forlorn,
I'll gang unto my mither's bower,
Where I was bred and born."

Then Cow-me-doo took flight and flew
Beyond the raging sea;
And lighted near his mither's castle
On a tower o' gowd sae high.

As his mither was walking out,
To see what she could see,
And there she saw her little son
Set on the tower sae high.

"Get dancers here to dance," she said,
"And minstrels for to play;
For here's my young son, Florentine,
Come here wi' me to stay."

"Get nae dancers to dance, mither,
Nor minstrels for to play;
For the mither o' my seven sons,
The morn's her wedding-day."

"O tell me, tell me, Florentine,
Tell me, tell me true,
Tell me this day without a flaw,
What I will do for you."

"Instead of dancers to dance, mither,
Or minstrels for to play,
Turn four-and-twenty well-wight men,
Like storks, in feathers gray;

"My seven sons in seven swans,
Aboon their heads to flee;
And I, mysel', a gay gos-hawk,
A bird o' high degree."

Then sighin' said the queen hersel',
"That thing's too high for me;"
But she applied to an auld woman,
Who had mair skill than she.

Instead o' dancers to dance a dance,
Or minstrels for to play,
Four-and-twenty well-wight men
Turn'd birds o' feathers gray;

Her seven sons in seven swans,
Aboon their heads to flee;
And he, himsel', a gay gos-hawk,
A bird o' high degree.

This flock o' birds took flight and flew
Beyond the raging sea;
And landed near the Earl Mar's castle,
Took shelter in every tree.

well-wight, picked.

They were a flock o' pretty birds,
Right comely to be seen;
The people view'd them wi' surprise,
As they danc'd on the green.

These birds ascended frae the tree,
And lighted on the ha';
And at the last wi' force did flee
Amang the nobles a'.

The storks there seized some o' the men,
They could neither fight nor flee;
The swans they bound the bride's best man
Below a green aik tree.

They lighted next on maidens fair,
Then on the bride's own head;
And wi' the twinkling o' an eye,
The bride and them were fled.

There's ancient men at weddings been
For sixty years or more;
But sic a curious wedding-day
They never saw before.

For naething could the company do,
Nor naething could they say;
But they saw a flock o' pretty birds
That took their bride away.

When that Earl Mar he came to know
Where his dochter did stay,
He sign'd a bond o' unity
And visits now they pay.

The Fause Lover

A FAIR maid sat in her bower door,
Wringing her lily hands ;
And by it came a sprightly youth,
Fast tripping o'er the strands.

"Where gang ye, young John," she says,
"Sae early in the day ?
It gars me think, by your fast trip,
Your journey's far away."

He turn'd about wi' surly look,
And said, "What's that to thee ?
I'm ga'en to see a lovely maid,
Mair fairer far than ye."

"Now hae ye play'd me this, fause love,
In simmer, mid the flowers ?
I shall repay ye back again,
In winter, 'mid the showers.

"But again, dear love, and again, dear love,
Will ye not turn again?
For as ye look to ither women,
I shall to other men."

"Make your choice o' whom you please,
For I my choice will have;
I've chosen a maid more fair than thee,
I never will deceive."

But she's kilt up her claithing fine,
And after him gaed she;
But aye he said, "Ye'll turn again,
Nae farder gae wi' me."

"But again, dear love, and again, dear love,
Will ye never love me again?
Alas! for loving you sae well,
And you na me again."

The firstan' town that they come till,
He bought her brooch and ring;
But aye he bade her turn again,
And gang nae farder wi' him.

"But again, dear love, and again, dear love," &c.

The nextan' town that they came till,
He bought her muff and gloves;
But aye he bade her turn again,
And choose some other loves.

" But again, dear love, and again, dear love," &c.

The nextan' town that they came till,
  His heart it grew mair fain ;
And he was deep in love wi' her,
  As she was ower again.

The nextan' town that they came till,
  He bought her wedding gown ;
And made her lady o' ha's and bowers,
  In sweet Berwick town.

The Unquiet Grave.

The wind doth blow to-day, my love,
And a few small drops of rain ;
I never had but one true-love,
In cold grave she was lain.

I'll do as much for my true-love
As any young man may ;
I'll sit and mourn all at her grave
For a twelvemonth and a day.

The twelvemonth and a day being up,
The dead began to speak :
"Oh, who sits weeping on my grave,
And will not let me sleep?"

"'Tis I, my love, sits on your grave,
And will not let you sleep;
For I crave one kiss of your clay-cold lips,
And that is all I seek."

"You crave one kiss of my clay-cold lips,
But my breath smells earthy strong;
If you have one kiss of my clay-cold lips,
Your time will not be long.

"'Tis down in yonder garden green,
Love, where we used to walk;
The finest flower that ere was seen
Is withered to a stalk.

"The stalk is withered dry, my love,
So will our hearts decay;
So make yourself content, my love,
Till God call you away!"

Peasant Ballads

The Broken Token

One summer evening, a maiden fair
Was walking forth in the balmy air,
She met a sailor upon the way ;
"Maiden stay," he whispered,
"Maiden stay," he whispered,
"O pretty maiden stay.

"Why art thou walking abroad alone ?
The stars are shining, the day is done."
O then her tears they began to flow,
For a dark-eyed sailor,
For a dark-eyed sailor,
Had filled her heart with woe.

"Three years are passed since he left this land,
A ring of gold he took off my hand,
He broke the token, a half to keep ;
Half he bade me treasure,
Half he bade me treasure,
Then crossed the briny deep."

"O drive him, damsel, from out your mind,
For men are changeful as is the wind,
And love inconstant will quickly grow
Cold as winter morning,
Cold as winter morning,
When lands are white with snow."

" Above the snow is the holly seen,
In bitter blast it abideth green,
And blood-red drops it as berries bears ;
So my aching bosom,
So my aching bosom,
Its truth and sorrow wears."

Then half the ring did the sailor show :
" Away with weeping and sorrow now !
In bands of marriage united we,
Like the Broken Token,
Like the Broken Token,
In one shall welded be."

Young Roger of the Valley

Young Roger of the mill
One morning very soon,
Put on his best apparel,
New hose and clouted shoon ;
And he a-wooing came
To bonny, buxom Nell.
" Adzooks ! " cried he, " couldst fancy me ?
For I like thee wondrous well.

"My horses I have dress'd,
And gi'en them corn and hay,
Put on my best apparel;
And having come this way,
Let's sit and chat a while,
With thee, my bonny Nell;
Dear lass," cries he, "couldst fancy me?
I'se like thy person well."

"Young Roger, you're mistaken,"
The damsel then reply'd,
"I'm not in such a haste
To be a ploughman's bride;
Know I then live in hopes
To marry a farmer's son;"
"If it be so," says Hodge, "I'll go,
Sweet mistress, I have done."

"Your horses you have dress'd,
Good Hodge, I heard you say,
Put on your best apparel;
And being come this way,
Come sit and chat awhile."
"O no, indeed, not I,
I'll neither wait, nor sit, nor prate,
I've other fish to fry."

"Go, take your farmer's son,
With all my honest heart;
What tho' my name be Roger,
That goes at plough and cart?

I need not tarry long,
I soon may gain a wife :
There's buxom Joan, it is well known,
She loves me as her life."

"Pray, what of buxom Joan ?
Can't I please you as well ?
For she has ne'er a penny,
And I am buxom Nell ;
And I have fifty shillings "
(The money made him smile) :
" O then, my dear, I'll draw a chair,
And chat with thee a while."

Within the space of half-an-hour
This couple a bargain struck,
Hoping that with their money
They both would have good luck ;
" To your fifty I've forty,
With which a cow we'll buy ;
We'll join our hands in wedlock bands,
Then who but you and I ? "

The Golden Glove

A WEALTHY young squire of Tamworth, we hear,
He courted a nobleman's daughter so fair ;
And for to marry her it was his intent,
All friends and relations gave their consent.

The time was appointed for the wedding-day,
A young farmer chosen to give her away ;
As soon as the farmer the young lady did spy,
He inflamèd her heart ; "O, my heart!" she did cry.

She turned from the squire, but nothing she said,
Instead of being married she took to her bed ;
The thought of the farmer soon run in her mind,
A way for to have him she quickly did find.

Coat, waistcoat, and breeches she then did put on,
And a hunting she went with her dog and her gun ;
She hunted all round where the farmer did dwell,
Because in her heart she did love him full well :

She oftentimes fired, but nothing she killed,
At length the young farmer came into the field ;
And to discourse with him it was her intent,
With her dog and her gun to meet him she went.

"I thought you had been at the wedding," she cried,
"To wait on the squire, and give him his bride."
"No, sir," said the farmer, "if the truth I may tell,
I'll not give her away, for I love her too well."

"Suppose that the lady should grant you her love,
You know that the squire your rival will prove."
"Why, then," says the farmer, "I'll take sword in hand,
By honour I'll gain her when she shall command."

It pleasèd the lady to find him so bold;
She gave him a glove that was flowered with gold,
And told him she found it when coming along,
As she was a hunting with her dog and gun.

The lady went home with a heart full of love,
And gave out a notice that she'd lost a glove;
And said, "Who has found it, and brings it to me,
Whoever he is, he my husband shall be."

The farmer was pleased when he heard of the news,
With heart full of joy to the lady he goes:
"Dear, honoured lady, I've picked up your glove,
And hope you'll be pleased to grant me your love."

"It's already granted, I will be your bride;
I love the sweet breath of a farmer," she cried.
"I'll be mistress of my dairy, and milking my cow,
While my jolly brisk farmer is whistling at plough."

And when she was married she told of her fun,
How she went a hunting with her dog and gun:
"And "[said]" now I've got him so fast in my snare,
I'll enjoy him for ever, I vow and declare!"

Sir Arthur and ≈ Charming Mollee

As noble Sir Arthur one morning did ride,
With his hounds at his feet, and his sword by his side,
He saw a fair maid sitting under a tree,
He askèd her name, and she said 'twas Mollee.

"Oh, charming Mollee, you my butler shall be,
To draw the red wine for yourself and for me!
I'll make you a lady so high in degree,
If you will but love me, my charming Mollee!

"I'll give you fine ribbons, I'll give you fine rings,
I'll give you fine jewels, and many fine things;
I'll give you a petticoat flounced to the knee,
If you will but love me, my charming Mollee!"

"I'll have none of your ribbons, and none of your rings,
None of your jewels, and other fine things;
And I've got a petticoat suits my degree,
And I'll ne'er love a married man till his wife dee."

"Oh, charming Mollee, lend me then your penknife,
And I will go home, and I'll kill my own wife;
I'll kill my own wife, and my bairnies three,
If you will but love me, my charming Mollee!"

"Oh, noble Sir Arthur, it must not be so,
Go home to your wife, and let nobody know;
For seven long years I will wait upon thee,
But I'll ne'er love a married man till his wife dee."

Now seven long years are gone and are past,
The old woman went to her long home at last;
The old woman died, and Sir Arthur was free,
And he soon came a-courting to charming Mollee.

Now charming Mollee in her carriage doth ride,
With her hounds at her feet, and her lord by her side :
Now all ye fair maids, take a warning by me,
And ne'er love a married man till his wife dee.

Undaunted Mary

It's of a Farmer's daughter, so beautiful I'm told,
Her parents died and left her five hundred pounds in gold,
She lived with her uncle, the cause of all her woe,
And you shall hear this maiden fair did prove his overthrow.

Her uncle had a ploughboy, young Mary loved full well,
And in her uncle's garden their tales of love would tell ;
There was a wealthy squire who oft came her to see,
But still she loved her ploughboy, on the banks of sweet Dundee.

It was on one summer's morning, her uncle went straightway,
He knocked at her chamber door, and unto her did say,

"Come, rise up, pretty maiden, a lady you may be,
The squire is waiting for you on the banks of sweet Dundee."

"A fig for all your squires, your lords and dukes likewise,
For William's hand appears to me like diamonds in my eyes;"
"Begone, unruly maiden, you ne'er shall happy be,
For I mean to banish William from the banks of sweet Dundee."

Her uncle and the squire rode out one summer day,
"Young William he's in favour," her uncle he did say,
"But indeed it's my intention to tie him to a tree,
Or else to bribe the pressgang, on the banks of sweet Dundee."

The pressgang came to William when he was all alone,
He bravely fought for liberty, but they were six to one,
The blood did flow, in torrents: "Pray kill me now," said he,
"I'd rather die for Mary I, on the banks of sweet Dundee."

This maid one day was walking, lamenting for her love,
She met the wealthy squire down in her uncle's grove,
He put his arm around her: "Stand off, base man," said she,
"For you've sent the only lad I love, from the banks of sweet Dundee."

He clasped his arms around her, and tried to throw her down,
Two pistols and a sword she spied beneath his morning gown,
The pistol proved so active, the sword she used so free,
That she shot and slew the squire, on the banks of sweet Dundee.

Her uncle overheard the noise, and hastened to the ground,
"Since you have slain the squire, I'll give you your death wound,"
"Stand off, stand off," said Mary, "undaunted I will be,"
She the trigger drew, and her uncle slew, on the banks of sweet Dundee.

The doctor he was sent for, a man of noted skill,
And likewise was a lawyer, all for to sign his will,
He willed his gold to Mary, who fought so manfully,
And closed his eyes no more to rise on the banks of sweet Dundee.

≋ The Wiltshire Wedding ≋

All in a misty morning,
  Cloudy was the weather,
I meeting with an old man,
  Was clothed all in leather,
With ne'er a shirt unto his back,
  But wool unto his skin;
    With how do you do? and how do you do?
      And how do you do agen?

The rustic was a thresher,
And on his way he hied,
And with a leather bottle,
Fast buckl'd by his side;
And with a cap of woollen,
Which cover'd cheek and chin,
With how do you do? and how do you do?
And how do you do agen?

I went a little further,
And there I met a maid,
Was going then a milking,
A milking, sir, she said:
Then I began to compliment,
And she began to sing;
With how do you do? and how do you do?
And how do you do agen?

This maid her name was *Dolly*,
Clothed in a gown of gray,
I being somewhat jolly,
Persuaded her to stay:
Then straight I fell to courting her,
In hopes her love to win,
With how do you do? and how do you do?
And how do you do agen?

Then having time and leisure,
I spent a vacant hour,
Telling of all my treasure,
Whilst sitting in the bower:

With many kind embraces,
I strok'd her double chin :
With how do you do? and how do you do?
And how do you do agen?

I told her I would married be,
And she should be my bride,
And long we should not tarry,
With twenty things beside :
" I'll plough and sow, and reap and mow,
While thou shalt sit and spin ; "
With how do you do? and how do you do?
And how do you do agen?

" Did you not know my Father ? "
The damsel then reply'd ;
" His jerkin was of leather,
A bottle by his side : "
" Yes, I did meet him trudging,
As fast as he could win,"
With how do you do? and how do you do?
And how do you do agen?

" Kind sir, I have a mother,
Beside a father, still,
Those friends above all other,
You must ask their good-will :
For if I be undutiful
To them, it is a sin ; "
With how do you do? and how do you do?
And how do you do agen?

Now there we left the milk-pail,
And to her mother went,
And when I was come thither,
I asked her consent,
And doft my hat, and made a leg,
For why she was within ;
With how do you do? and how do you do?
And how do you do agen?

" My husband is a thresher,
Who is her father dear,
He'll give with her his blessing,
Kind sir, you need not fear :
He is of such good nature,
That he would never lin,"
With how do you do? and how do you do?
And how do you do agen?

" For by your courteous carriage,
You seem an honest man,
You may have her in marriage,
My husband he anon
Will bid you very welcome,
Tho' he be poor and thin,"
With how do you do? and how do you do?
And how do you do agen?

Her dad came home full weary,
Alas! he could not choose ;
Her mother being merry,
She told him all the news :

lin, hinder or stop.

Then he was mighty jovial too,
His son did soon begin,
With how do you do? and how do you do?
And how do you do agen?

Her parents being willing,
All parties was agreed;
Her portion thirty shilling,
They married were with speed;
Then *Will* the piper he did play,
While others dance and sing;
With how do you do? and how do you do?
And how do you do agen?

In pleasant recreation,
They pass'd away the night,
And likewise by relation,
With her he takes delight,
To walk abroad on holy-days,
To visit kiff and kin:
With how do you do? and how do you do?
And how do you do agen?

Then lusty *Ralph* and *Robin*,
With many damsels gay,
Did ride on *Roan* and *Dobbin*,
To celebrate the day:
When being met together,
Their caps they off did fling,
With how do you do? and how do you do?
And how do you do agen?

≈ The Trees they are so High

All the trees they are so high,
The leaves they are so green,
The day is past and gone, sweet-heart,
That you and I have seen.
It is cold winter's night,
You and I must bide alone :
Whilst my pretty lad is young
And is growing.

O father, father dear,
Great wrong to me is done,
That I should married be this day,
Before the set of sun.
At the huffle of the gale,
Here I toss and cannot sleep :
Whilst my pretty lad is young
And is growing.

O daughter, daughter dear,
No wrong to thee is done,
For I have married thee this day
Unto a rich Lord's son.
O the wind is on the thatch
Here and I alone must weep :
Whilst my pretty lad is young
And is growing.

O father, father dear,
If that you think it fit,
Then send him to the school awhile,
To be a year there yet.
At the huffle of the gale
Here I toss and cannot sleep :
Whilst my pretty lad is young
And is growing.

To let the lovely ladies know
They may not touch and taste,
I'll bind a bunch of ribbons blue
About his little waist,
And I'll wait another year
O the roaring of the sea :
Whilst my pretty lad is young
And is growing.

In a garden as I walked,
I heard them laugh and call ;
There were four-and-twenty playing there,
They played with bat and ball ;
I must wait awhile, must wait,
And then his bride will be :
O my pretty lad is young
And is growing.

I listened in the garden,
I looked o'er the wall ;
Amidst five-and-twenty gallants there,
My love exceeded all.

O the snow, the snowflakes fall,
O and I am chill and freeze :
But my pretty lad is young
And is growing.

I'll cut my yellow hair,
I'll cut it close my brow,
I'll go unto the high college
And none shall know me so ;
O the clouds are driving by
And they shake the leafy trees :
But my pretty lad is young
And is growing.

To the college I did go,
I cut my yellow hair ;
To be with him in sun and shower,
His sports and studies share.
O the taller that he grew
The sweeter still grew he :
O my pretty lad is young
And is growing.

As it fell upon a day,
A bright and summer day,
We went into the green green wood
To frolic and to play,
O and what did there befall
I tell not unto thee :
But my pretty lad so young,
Was still growing.

At thirteen he married was,
A father at fourteen,
At fifteen his face was white as milk,
And then his grave was green;
And the daisies were outspread,
And buttercups of gold
O'er my pretty lad so young,
Now ceased growing.

I'll make my pretty love
A shroud of holland fine,
And all the time I'm making it
My tears run down the twine;
And as the bell doth knell
I shiver as one cold,
And weep o'er my pretty lad
Now done growing.

Green Broom

There was an old man lived out in the wood,
His trade was a-cutting of broom, green broom;
He had but one son, without thrift, without good,
Who lay in his bed till 'twas noon, bright noon.

The old man awoke, one morning, and spoke,
He swore he would fire the room, that room,
If his John would not rise, and open his eyes,
And away to the wood to cut broom, green broom.

So Johnny arose, and he slipped on his clothes,
And away to the wood to cut broom, green broom ;
He sharpened his knives, for once he contrives
To cut a great bundle of broom, green broom.

When Johnny passed under a lady's fine house,
Passed under a lady's fine room, fine room,
She call'd to her maid, "Go fetch me," she said,
"Go fetch me the boy that sells broom, green broom."

When Johnny came into the lady's fine house,
And stood in the lady's fine room, fine room ;
"Young Johnny," she said, "will you give up your trade,
And marry a lady in bloom, full bloom ?"

Johnny gave his consent, and to church they both went,
And he wedded the lady in bloom, full bloom ;
At market and fair, all folks do declare,
There is none like the boy that sold broom, green broom.

≈ Bonny Barbara Allan ≈

It was in and about the Martinmas time,
When the green leaves were a falling,
That Sir John Graeme in the west country
Fell in love with Barbara Allan.

He sent his man down through the town,
To the place where she was dwelling;
"O haste and come to my master dear,
Gin ye be Barbara Allan."

O hooly, hooly rose she up,
To the place where he was lying,
And when she drew the curtain by,
"Young man, I think you're dying."

"O it's I'm sick, and very, very sick,
And 'tis a' for Barbara Allan:"
"O the better for me ye's never be,
Tho' your heart's blood were a spilling.

"O dinna ye mind, young man," said she,
"When ye was in the tavern a drinking,
That ye made the healths gae round and round,
And slighted Barbara Allan."

hooly, slowly.

He turn'd his face unto the wall,
And death was with him dealing ;
" Adieu, adieu, my dear friends all,
And be kind to Barbara Allan."

And slowly, slowly raise she up,
And slowly, slowly left him ;
And sighing said, she could not stay,
Since death of life had reft him.

She had not gane a mile but twa,
When she heard the dead-bell ringing,
And every jow that the dead-bell gi'ed,
It cried " Woe to Barbara Allan ! "

" O mother, mother, make my bed,
O make it saft and narrow ;
Since my love died for me to-day,
I'll die for him to-morrow."

As Johnny ≋ ≋ Walked Out

As Johnny walked out one day
It was a summer morn,
Himself he laid beneath the shade,
To rest him, of a thorn.

jow, stroke.

He had not long been tarrying there
Before his love passed by :
And 'twas down in yonder valley, love,
Where the water glideth by.

" O have you seen a pretty ewe
That hath a tender lamb ;
Astrayed from the orchard glade
That little one and dam ? "
" O pretty maid," he answered,
" They passed as here I lie ! "
And 'twas down in yonder valley, love,
Where the water glideth by.

She traced the country o'er
No lambs nor ewe could find ;
And many times upbraided she
Young Johnny in her mind.
Then coming back . . .
. . . . .
And 'twas down in yonder valley, love,
Where the water glideth by.

She turned herself right curiously,
Her cheeks with anger flush,
She bade young Johnny lead the way
Nor loiter in a bush. . . .
. . . . .
And 'twas down in yonder valley, love,
Where the water glideth by.

Then anger's flame enkindled love,
And changed it's kind of show,
As Johnny laughéd out and said,
"I'll lead the way below;
I'll lead you to the meadows green
Where we the lambs may spy,"
And 'twas down in yonder valley, love,
Where the water glideth by.

He held her hand, he whispered love;
He swore his heart was true;
He kissed her lips; the lambs did skip
About them on the dew,
About them in the morning dew,
Beneath a summer sky,
And 'twas down in yonder valley, love,
Where the water glideth by.

So married were the happy pair,
And joined in wedlock's band,
No more they go to seek the lambs
Together hand in hand;
They go no more a searching for
Her sheep with tearful eye,
All adown in yonder valley, love,
Where the water glideth by.

The Brown Girl

I AM as brown, as brown can be,
And my eyes are as black as sloe ;
I am as brisk as a nightingale,
And wild as a forest doe.
My love he was so high and proud,
His fortune too so high ;
He, for another fair pretty maid,
Did scorn and passed me by.

Me did he send a love letter,
And he sent it from the town,
Saying, no more he lovéd me,
For that I was so brown.
I sent his letter back again,
For his love I valued not ;
Whether that he would fancy me,
Whether that he would not.

When that six months were over passed,
Were over passed and gone,
Then did my lover, once so bold,
Alie on his bed and groan.
When that six months were over passed,
Were over gone and passed,
My lover, then, so bold and proud,
With love was sick at last.

First sent he for the doctor's man,
" You, doctor, must me cure ;
The cruel pains that torture me,
I never can long endure."
Next did he send from out the town,
O next did send for me ;
He sent for me, the brown, brown girl,
Who once his wife should be.

O never a bit the doctor man
His sufferings could relieve ;
O never an one but the brown, brown girl,
Who could his life reprieve.
O now you shall hear what was she had
For this poor love-sick man,
All of the day, and a summer's day,
She walked, but never ran.

When that she came to his bedside,
Where he lay sick and weak,
O then for laughing she scarce could stand
Upright upon her feet.
" You flouted me, you scouted me,
And many another one,
And now the reward has come at last
For all that you have done."

She took the rings from off her hand,
The rings, by two and three ;
" O take, and O take these golden rings,
By them remember me."

She had a white wand in her hand,
She strake him on the breast;
"My faith and troth I give back to thee,
So may thy soul have rest."

"Prithee," said he, "forgive, forget;
Prithee, forget, forgive;
Grant to me yet a little space,
That I may longer live."
"O never will I forget, forgive,
So long as I have breath,
I'll dance above your green, green grave,
Where you do lie beneath."

The Roving Journey-man

Young Jack he was a journey-man
That roved from town to town:
And when he'd done a job of work
He lightly sat him down.
With his kit upon his shoulder, and
A grafting knife in hand,
He roved the country round about,
A merry journey-man.

And when he came to Exeter
The maidens leaped for joy ;
Said one and all, both short and tall,
" Here comes a gallant boy."
The lady dropt her needle, and
The maid her frying-pan ;
Each plainly told her mother that
She loved the journey-man.

He had not been in Exeter
The days were barely three,
Before the Mayor, his sweet daughter,
She loved him desperately ;
She bid him to her mother's house,
She took him by the hand,
Said she, " My dearest mother, see,
I love the journey-man ! "

" Now out on thee, thou silly maid !
Such folly speak no more :
How can'st thou love a roving man
Thou ne'er hast seen before ? "
" O mother sweet, I do entreat,
I love him all I can ;
Around the country glad I'll rove
With this young journey-man.

" He need no more to trudge afoot,
He'll travel coach and pair ;
My wealth with me—or poverty
With him, content I'll share."

Now fill the horn with barleycorn,
And flowing fill the can,
Here let us toast the Mayor's daughter
And the roving journey-man.

Thyme and Rue

O once I had plenty of thyme,
I could flourish by night and by day,
Till a saucy lad he
Returned from sea,
And stole my thyme away.

O and I was a damsel so fair,
But fairer I wished to appear;
So I wash'd me in milk,
And I dressed me in silk,
And put the sweet thyme in my hair.

With June is the red rose in bud,
But that's not the flower for me;
So I plucked the bud,
And it pricked me to blood,
And I gazed on the willow tree.

O the willow tree it will twist,
And the willow tree, it will turn ;
I would I were clasped
In my lover's arms fast,
For 'tis he that has stolen my thyme.

O it's very good drinking of ale,
But it's far better drinking of wine ;
I would I were clasped
In my lover's arms fast,
For 'tis he that has stolen my thyme.

The Bailiff's Daughter ≈ of Islington ≈

THERE was a youth, and a well-beloved youth,
And he was a squire's son :
He loved the bailiff's daughter dear,
That lived in Islington.

Yet she was coy, and would not believe
That he did love her so,
No nor at any time would she
Any countenance to him show.

But when his friends did understand
His fond and foolish mind,
They sent him up to fair London,
An apprentice for to bind.

And when he had been seven long years,
And never his love could see,—
"Many a tear have I shed for her sake,
When she little thought of me."

Then all the maids of Islington
Went forth to sport and play,
All but the bailiff's daughter dear;
She secretly stole away.

She pulled off her gown of green,
And put on ragged attire,
And to fair London she would go,
Her true love to enquire.

And as she went along the high road,
The weather being hot and dry,
She sat her down upon a green bank,
And her true love came riding by.

She started up, with a colour so red,
Catching hold of his bridle-rein;
"One penny, one penny, kind sir," she said,
"Will ease me of much pain."

"Before I give you one penny, sweet-heart,
Pray tell me where you were born."
"At Islington, kind sir," said she,
"Where I have had many a scorn."

"I prythee, sweet-heart, then tell to me,
O tell me, whether you know
The bailiff's daughter of Islington."
"She is dead, sir, long ago."

"If she be dead, then take my horse,
My saddle and bridle also;
For I will into some far country,
Where no man shall me know."

"O stay, O stay, thou goodly youth,
She standeth by thy side;
She is here alive, she is not dead,
And ready to be thy bride."

"O farewell grief, and welcome joy,
Ten thousand times therefore;
For now I have found mine own true love,
Whom I thought I should never see more."

≋ The Simple ≋ Ploughboy

O THE ploughboy was a ploughing
With his horses on the plain,
And was singing of a song as on went he.
"Since that I have fall'n in love,
If the parents disapprove,
'Tis the first thing that will send me to the sea."

When the parents came to know
That their daughter loved him so,
Then they sent a gang, and pressed him for the sea.
And they made of him a tar,
To be slain in cruel war,
Of the simple ploughboy singing on the lea.

The maiden sore did grieve,
And without a word of leave
From her father's house she fled secretly,
In male attire dress'd
With a star upon her breast,
All to seek her simple ploughboy on the sea.

Then she went o'er hill and plain,
And she walked in wind and rain,
Till she came to the brink of the blue sea,

Saying, "I am forced to rove,
For the loss of my true love,
Who is but a simple ploughboy from the lea."

Now the first she did behold,
O it was a sailor bold,
"Have you seen my simple ploughboy?" then said she;
"They have press'd him to the fleet,
Sent him tossing on the deep,
Who is but a simple ploughboy from the lea."

Then she went to the captain
And to him she made complain,
O a silly ploughboy's run away from me!
Then the captain smiled and said,
"Why sir! surely you're a maid?
So the ploughboy I will render up to thee."

Then she pulléd out a store
Of five hundred crowns and more
And she strewed them on the deck, did she;
Then she took him by the hand,
And she rowed him to the land,
Where she wed the simple ploughboy back from sea.

≈ Robbie Tamson's ≈ Smiddie

Me mither mend't me auld breeks,
But ay! but they were diddy;
She sent me to get shod the mare
At Robbie Tamson's smiddie.
Now t' smiddie lies ayent the burn
That wamples thro' the claughin',
And ne'er a time I pass that way
But aye I fall a-laughin'.
Singing fol lol de lol de rol,
Ri fol lol de laddy,
Sing fol de duy, duy day,
Sing fol de duy daddy.

Now Robin was a canny lad
Wha had an ainly daughter;
He'd niver let her tak a mon,
Though mony a yan had sought her.
I'll tell you news of my exploits
The time the mare was shoeing,
I steppit in ahint the lass
And quickly fell a-wooing.

It's aye she eyed my auld breeks
The time that they were making;
Says I, "My lass, ne'er mind my breeks,
There's new yans for the making.

Gin ye'll agree to gang wi' me,
And leave the carle thy father,
Ye'll hae my breeks to keep in trim,
Myself and a' together."

The lassie smiled and shook her head,
Says she, "Your offer's clever;
I think I'll gang awa' wi' yan,
We'll baith gae on the back o't.
For gin I wait my father's time
I'll wait till I bin fifty;
So I think I'll tak ye at your word,
And make a wife sae thrifty."

Now Robbie was an angry man,
For a' t' loss of his daughter,
Through all the town baith up and down,
And far and near he sought her.
But when he cam to our gude inn
And found us baith together,
Says I, "My lad, I've tick your bairn,
Tho' ye may tak my mither."

Now Robbie girned and shook his head:
Quo' he, "I think I'll marry;
And so I'll tak ye at your word,
To end the hurry burry."
So Robbie and our ain gudewife
Agreed to creep together:
So I've ta'en Robbie Tamson's pet,
And Robbie's ta'en my mither.

Cupid's Garden

As I were in Cupid's garden,
Not more nor half-an-hour,
'Twere there I see'd two maidens,
Sitting under Cupid's bower,
A-gathering of sweet jassamine,
The lily and the rose.
These be the fairest flowers
As in the garden grows.

I fondly stepped to one o' them,
These words to her I says,
"Be you engaged to arra young man,
Come tell to me, I prays."
"I bean't engaged to narra young man,
I solemnly declare,
I aims to live a maiden,
And still the laurel wear."

Says I, "My stars and garters!
This here's a pretty go,
For a fine young maid as never was,
To serve all mankind so."
But t'other young maiden looked sly at me,
And from her seat she risen,
Says she, "Let thee and I go our own way,
And we'll let she go shis'n."

King John and the Abbot

An ancient story I'll tell you anon
Of a notable prince, that was called King John;
And he ruled England with main and with might,
For he did great wrong, and maintain'd little right.

And I'll tell you a story, a story so merry,
Concerning the Abbot of Canterbury;
How for his house-keeping and high renown,
They rode post for him to fair London town.

An hundred men, the king did hear say,
The abbot kept in his house every day;
And fifty gold chains, without any doubt,
In velvet coats waited the abbot about.

"How now, father abbot, I hear it of thee,
Thou keepest a far better house than me;
And for thy house-keeping and high renown,
I fear thou work'st treason against my crown."

"My liege," quo' the abbot, "I would it were
known
I never spend nothing, but what is my own;
And I trust your grace will do me no deere,
For spending of my own true-gotten gear."

"Yes, yes, father abbot, thy fault it is high,
And now for the same thou needest must die;
For except thou canst answer me questions three,
Thy head shall be smitten from thy body.

"And first," quo' the king, "when I'm in this
stead,
With my crown of gold so fair on my head,
Among all my liege-men so noble of birth,
Thou must tell me to one penny what I am
worth.

"Secondly, tell me, without any doubt,
How soon I may ride the whole world about;
And at the third question thou must not shrink,
But tell me here truly what I do think."

"O these are hard questions for my shallow wit,
Nor I cannot answer your grace as yet:
But if you will give me but three weeks' space,
I'll do my endeavour to answer your grace."

deere, harm. *stead*, place.

"Now three weeks' space to thee will I give,
And that is the longest time thou hast to live;
For if thou dost not answer my questions three,
Thy lands and thy livings are forfeit to me."

Away rode the abbot all sad at that word,
And he rode to Cambridge, and Oxenford;
But never a doctor there was so wise,
That could with his learning an answer devise.

Then home rode the abbot of comfort so cold,
And he met his shepherd a going to fold:
"How now, my lord abbot, you are welcome home;
What news do you bring us from good King John?"

"Sad news, sad news, shepherd, I must give,
That I have but three days more to live;
For if I do not answer him questions three
My head will be smitten from my body.

"The first is to tell him there in that stead,
With his crown of gold so fair on his head,
Among all his liege-men so noble of birth,
To within one penny of what he is worth.

"The second, to tell him, without any doubt,
How soon he may ride this whole world about;
And at the third question I must not shrink,
But tell him there truly what he does think."

"Now cheer up, sire abbot, did you never hear yet,
That a fool he may learn a wise man wit?
Lend me horse, and serving men, and your apparel,
And I'll ride to London to answer your quarrel.

"Nay frown not, if it hath been told unto me,
I am like your lordship, as ever may be;
And if you will but lend me your gown,
There is none shall know us at fair London town."

"Now horses and serving-men thou shalt have,
With sumptuous array most gallant and brave,
With crozier, and mitre, and rochet, and cope,
Fit to appear 'fore our father the pope."

"Now, welcome, sire abbot," the king he did say,
"'Tis well thou'rt come back to keep thy day:
For and if thou canst answer my questions three,
Thy life and thy living both saved shall be.

"And first, when thou seest me here in this stead,
With my crown of gold so fair on my head,
Among all my liege-men so noble of birth,
Tell me to one penny what I am worth."

"For thirty pence our Saviour was sold
Among the false Jews, as I have been told:
And twenty-nine is the worth of thee,
For I think thou art one penny worser than he."

The king he laughed, and swore by St Bittel,
"I did not think I had been worth so little!
—Now secondly tell me, without any doubt,
How soon I may ride this whole world about."

"You must rise with the sun, and ride with the same
Until the next morning he riseth again;
And then your grace need not make any doubt
But in twenty-four hours you'll ride it about."

The king he laughed, and swore by St John,
"I did not think it could be gone so soon!
—Now from the third question thou must not shrink,
But tell me here truly what I do think."

"Yea, that shall I do, and make your grace merry;
You think I'm the abbot of Canterbury;
But I'm his poor shepherd, as plain you may see,
That am come to beg pardon for him and for me."

The king he laughed, and swore by the mass,
"I'll make thee lord abbot this day in his place!"
"Now nay, my liege, be not in such speed,
For alack I can neither write nor read."

"Four nobles a week, then I will give thee,
For this merry jest thou hast shown unto me;
And tell the old abbot when thou comest home,
Thou hast brought him a pardon from good King John."

Bittel, Botolph (?).

The King and the Countryman

THERE was an old chap in the west country,
A flaw in the lease the lawyers had found,
'Twas all about felling of five oak trees,
And building a house upon his own ground.
Right too looral, looral, looral—right too looral la!

Now, this old chap to Lunnun would go,
To tell the king a part of his woe,
Likewise to tell him a part of his grief,
In hopes the king would give him relief.

Now, when this old chap to Lunnun had come,
He found the king to Windsor had gone;
But if he'd known he'd not been at home,
He danged his buttons if ever he'd come.

Now, when this old chap to Windsor did stump,
The gates were barred, and all secure,
But he knocked and thumped with his oaken clump,
There's room within for I to be sure.

But when he got there, how he did stare,
To see the yeomen strutting about ;
He scratched his head, and rubbed down his hair,
In the ear of a noble he gave a great shout :

"Pray, Mr Noble, show I the King ;
Is that the King that I see there ?
I see'd an old chap at Bartlemy fair
Look more like a king than that chap there.

"Well, Mr King, pray how d'ye do ?
I gotten for you a bit of a job,
Which if you'll be so kind as to do,
I gotten a summat for you in my fob."

The king he took the lease in hand,
To sign it, too, he was likewise willing ;
And the old chap to make a little amends,
He lugged out his bag, and gave him a shilling.

The king, to carry on the joke,
Ordered ten pounds to be paid down ;
The farmer he stared, but nothing spoke,
And stared again, and he scratched his crown.

The farmer he stared to see so much money,
And to take it up he was likewise willing ;
But if he'd a known King had got so much money,
He danged his wig if he'd gi'en him that shilling !

Saddle to Rags

This story I'm going to sing,
I hope it will give you content,
Concerning a silly old man
That was going to pay his rent.
With a till da dill, till a dill, dill,
Till a dill, dill a dill, dee,
Sing fal de dill, dill de dill, dill.
Fal de dill, dill de dill, dee.

As he was a-riding along,
Along all on the highway,
A gentleman-thief overtook him,
And thus unto him he did say :

"O ! well overtaken, old man,
O ! well overtaken," said he :
"Thank you kindly, sir," says the old man,
"If you be for my company."

"How far are you going this way?"
It made the old man to smile;
"To tell you the truth, kind sir,
I'm just a-going twa mile.

"I am but a silly old man,
Who farms a piece of ground;
My half-year rent, kind sir,
Just comes to forty pound.

"But my landlord's not been at hame,
I've not seen him twelve month or more;
It makes my rent to be large,
I've just to pay him fourscore."

"You should not have told anybody,
For thieves they are ganging many;
If they were to light upon you
They would rob you of every penny."

"O! never mind," says the old man,
"Thieves I fear on no side;
My money is safe in my bags,
In the saddle on which I ride."

As they were a-riding along,
And riding a-down a ghyll,
The thief pulled out a pistol,
And bade the old man stand still.

ghyll, ravine.

The old man was crafty and false,
As in this world are many ;
He flung his old saddle o'er t' hedge,
And said, " Fetch it, if thou'lt have any."

This thief got off his horse,
With courage stout and bold,
To search this old man's bags,
And gave him his horse to hold.

The old man put foot in stirrup,
And he got on astride ;
He set the thief's horse in a gallop,—
You need not bid the old man ride !

" O, stay ! O, stay ! " says the thief,
" And thou half my share shalt have ; "
" Nay, marry, not I," quoth the old man,
" For once I've bitten a knave ! "

This thief he was not content,
He thought there *must* be bags,
So he up with his rusty sword,
And chopped the old saddle to rags.

The old man gallop'd and rode,
Until he was almost spent,
Till he came to his landlord's house,
And he paid him his whole year's rent.

He opened this rogue's portmantle,
It was glorious for to behold;
There was five hundred pound in money,
And other five hundred in gold.

His landlord it made him to stare,
When he did the sight behold;
"Where did thou get the white money,
And where get the yellow gold?"

"I met a fond fool by the way,
I swopped horses, and gave him no boot;
But never mind," says the old man,
"I got a fond fool by the foot."

"But now you're grown cramped and old,
Nor fit for to travel about;"
"O, never mind," says the old man,
"I can give these old bones a route!"

As he was a-riding hame,
And a-down a narrow lane,
He spied his mare tied to a tree,
And said, "Tib, thou'lt now gae hame."

And when that he got hame,
And told his old wife what he'd done:
She rose and she donned her clothes,
And about the house did run.

She sung, and she danced, and sung,
And she sung with a merry devotion,
"If ever our daughter gets wed,
If will help to enlarge her portion!"

The Week's Work

When I was a bachelor brave,
Enjoying all my soul could have,
My silver and guineas I then let fly,
I cock'd up my beaver, and who but I.
Fal, lal, &c.

I rov'd about, and I rov'd a while,
Till all the ladies seem'd to smile,
From the ladies of pleasure to royal Joan,
Both gentle and simple was all my own.

My rapier was made of the Bilbo blade,
My coat and waistcoat were overlaid
With silver spangles so neat and so gay,
As tho' I had been king of some country play.

Besides I had a flattering tongue,
The ladies admired me when I sung,
For I had a voice so charming and fine,
That every lady's heart was mine.

On Monday morning I married a wife,
And thought to have liv'd a sober life,
But as it fell out I had better been dead,
Then mark the time that I was wed.

On Tuesday morn to my surprise,
A little before the sun did rise,
She tun'd up her clapper, and scolded more,
Than ever I heard in my life before.
On Wednesday morn I went to the wood,
I thought in my heart she'd never be good,
I cut me a twig of the holly green,
I think 'twas the toughest ever seen,
I brought it home, and laid it by.
On Thursday I went the same to try,
And if she would no better be,
The devil might take her to-morrow, for me.

On Friday morn, to my surprise,
A little before the sun did rise,
She tun'd up her clapper in a scolding tune,
And now you shall hear we parted soon.

On Saturday morn, as I may say,
As she, on her pillow, consulting lay ;
The devil came in the midst of the game,
And took her away both blind and lame.

On Sunday, friends, I can dine without
A scolding wife, or a brawling out,
Enjoying my bottle, and my best friend,
And is not this a noble week's-work end.

Farmer's Boy

The sun went down beyond yon hills,
Across yon dreary moor,
Weary and lame, a boy there came,
Up to a farmer's door.
"Will you tell me if any there be
That will give me employ
To plough and sow, and reap and mow,
And be a farmer's boy?

"My father's dead, and mother's left,
With her five children small,
And what is worst for mother still,
I'm the oldest of them all:
Though little I be yet I fear not work,
If you will me employ
To plough and sow, and reap and mow,
And be a farmer's boy.

"And if that you won't me employ,
One favour I have to ask,
Will you shelter me till break of day,
From this cold winter's blast:
At break of day, I'll trudge away,
Elsewhere to seek employ
To plough and sow, and reap and mow,
And be a farmer's boy."

The mistress said, "Pray take the lad,
No farther let him seek;"
"O yes, dear father," the daughter cried,
While tears ran down her cheeks,
"For those that will work it's hard to want,
And wander for employ
To plough and sow, and reap and mow,
And be a farmer's boy."

In course of time he grew a man
The good old farmer died,
And left the boy the farm he had,
And his daughter for his bride;
The boy that was the farm now has,
Oft smiles and thinks with joy,
Of the lucky day he came that way,
And to be a farmer's boy.

Tommy Linn

Tommy Linn is a *Scotchman* born,
His head is bald, and his beard is shorn,
He has a cap made of a hare skin,
An elderman is *Tommy Linn*.

Tommy Linn has no boots to put on,
But two calves' skins, and the hair it was on,
They are open at the side and the water goes in,
"Unwholesome boots," says *Tommy Linn*.

Tommy Linn has a mare of the gray,
Lam'd of all four as I hear say ;
It has the farcy all over the skin,
" It's a running jade," says *Tommy Linn*.

Tommy Linn no bridle had to put on,
But two mouses' tails that he put on ;
Tommy Linn had no saddle to put on,
But two urchin skins, and them he put on.

Tommy Linn went to yonder hall,
Went hipping and skipping among them all ;
They ask'd what made him come so boldly in,
" I'm come a wooing," says *Tommy Linn*.

Tommy Linn went to the church to be wed,
The bride followed after hanging down her head,
She hung down her cheeks, she hung down her chin,
" This is a glooming quean," says *Tommy Linn*.

Tommy Linn's daughter sat on the stairs,
" Oh, dear father, gin I be not fair ; "
The stairs they broke, and she fell in,
" You are fair enough now," says *Tommy Linn*.

quean, lass.

Tommy Linn's daughter sat on the brig,
" Oh, dear father, gin I be not trig ; "
The bridge it broke, and she fell in,
" You are trig enough now," says *Tommy Linn.*

Tommy Linn, and his wife and his wife's
mother,
They all fell into the fire together ;
They that lay undermost got a hot skin,
"We are [hot] enough," says *Tommy Linn.*

On Friday morning as we set sail,
It was not far from land,
O there I espied a fair pretty maid,
With a comb and a glass in her hand.

trig, neat.

O the raging seas did roar,
And the stormy winds did blow,
While we poor sailors were up into the top,
And the land lubbers laid below.

Then up spoke a boy of our gallant ship,
And a well speaking boy was he,
"I've a father and mother in fair Portsmouth town,
And this night they will weep for me."

Then up spoke a man of our gallant ship,
And a well spoken man was he,
" I have married a wife in fair London town,
And this night a widow she shall be."

Then up spoke the captain of our gallant ship,
And a valiant man was he,
" For want of a boat we shall be drowned,"
For she sunk to the bottom of the sea.

The moon shone bright, and the stars gave light,
And my mother was looking for me,
She might look, and weep, with watery eyes,
She might look to the bottom of the sea.

Three times round went our gallant ship,
And three times round went she,
Three times round went our gallant ship,
Then she sunk to the bottom of the sea.

Captain Ward and the Rainbow

[*Broadside.*]

STRIKE up, you lusty gallants,
With music and sound of drum,
For we have descried a rover
Upon the sea is come.
His name is Captain Ward,
Right well it doth appear
There has not been such a rover
Found out this thousand year.

For he hath sent unto the king,
The sixth of January,
Desiring that he might come in
With all his company:
"And if your king will let me come,
Till I my tale have told,
I will bestow for my ransom
Full thirty ton of gold."

"O nay, O nay," then said our king,
"O nay, this may not be,
To yield to such a rover,
Myself will not agree;
He hath deceived the Frenchman,
Likewise the king of Spain,
And how can he be true to me
That hath been false to twain?"

With that our king provided
A ship of worthy fame,
Rainbow is she callèd,
If you would know her name.
Now the gallant Rainbow,
She roves upon the sea,
Five hundred gallant seamen
To bear her company.

The Dutchman, and the Spaniard,
She made them for to flee,
Also the bonny Frenchman,
As she met him on the sea.
When as this gallant Rainbow
Did come where Ward did lie,
"Where is the captain of this ship?"
This gallant Rainbow did cry.

"Oh, that am I," said Captain Ward,
"There's no man bids me lie;
And if thou art the king's fair ship,
Thou art welcome unto me."
"I tell thee what," says Rainbow,
"Our king is in great grief,
That thou shouldst lie upon the sea,
And play the arrant thief.

"And will not let our merchant ships
Pass as they did before;
Such tidings to our king is come,
Which grieves his heart full sore."

With that this gallant Rainbow
She shot out of her pride,
Full fifty gallant brass pieces,
Charged on every side.

And yet these gallant shooters,
Prevailed not a pin;
Though they were brass on the outside,
Brave Ward was steel within:
"Shoot on, shoot on," says Captain Ward,
"Your sport well pleaseth me,
And he that first gives over
Shall yield unto the sea.

"I never wronged an English ship,
But Turk and king of Spain,
And the jovial Dutchman,
As I met on the main.
If I had known your king
But one two years before,
I would have saved brave Essex life,
Whose death did grieve me sore.

"Go tell the king of England,
Go tell him thus from me,
If he reign king of all the land,
I will reign king at sea."
With that the gallant Rainbow shot,
And shot, and shot in vain,
And left the rover's company,
And returned home again.

"Our royal king of England,
Your ship's returned again,
For Ward's ship is so strong
It never will be ta'en."
"O Everlasting," said our king,
"I have lost jewels three,
Which would have gone unto the wars,
And brought proud Ward to me."

The first was Lord Clifford,
Earl of Cumberland;
The second was Lord Mountjoy,
As you shall understand;
The third was brave Essex,
From field would never flee,
Which would agone unto the seas,
And brought proud Ward to me.

Greenland Whale Fishery

We can no longer stay on shore,
Since we are so deep in debt;
So a voyage to Greenland we will go,
Some money for to get—brave boys.

Now when we lay at Liverpool,
Our good-like ship to man,
'Twas there our names were all wrote down,
And we're bound for Greenland—brave boys.

In eighteen hundred and twenty-four,
On March the twenty-third,
We hoisted our colours up to our mast-head,
And for Greenland bore away—brave boys.

But when we came to Greenland,
Our good-like ship to moor,
O then we wish'd ourselves back again,
With our friends upon the shore—brave boys.

The boatswain went to the mast-head,
With his spy-glass in his hand,
"Here's a whale, a whale, a whale," he cried,
"And she blows on every spring—brave boys."

The Captain on the quarter deck,
(A very good man was he),
"Overhaul, overhaul, your boat tackle-fall,
And launch your boats to sea—brave boys."

The boats being launch'd and the hands got in,
The whale fishes appeared in view,
Resolved was the whole boat's crew
To steer where the whale fish blew—brave boys.

The whale being struck and the line paid on,
She gave a flash with her tail,
She capsized the boat and lost five men,
Nor did we catch the whale—brave boys

Bad news unto our Captain brought,
That we had lost the 'prentice boys;
He hearing of the dreadful news,
His colours down did haul—brave boys.

The losing of this whale, brave boys,
Did grieve his heart full sore,
But losing of his five brave men,
Did grieve him ten times more—brave boys.

"Come, weigh your anchor, my brave boys,
For the winter star I see;
It is time we should leave this cold country
And for England bear away—brave boys."

For Greenland is a barren place,
Neither light nor day to be seen,
Nought but ice and snow where the whale fish blew
And the day-light's seldom seen—brave boys.

≋ Golden Vanitee ≋

Sir Walter Raleigh has built a ship
In the Netherlands ;
And it is called the Sweet Trinity,
And was taken by the false Gallaly,
Sailing in the Lowlands.

Is there never a seaman bold
In the Netherlands ?
That will go take this false Gallaly,
And to redeem the Sweet Trinity,
Sailing in the Lowlands.

Then spoke the little ship-boy
In the Netherlands ;
" Master, master, what will you give me ?
And I will take this false Gallaly,
And release the Sweet Trinity
Sailing in the Lowlands."

" I'll give thee gold, and I'll give thee fee,
In the Netherlands ;
And my eldest daughter thy wife shall be,
Sailing in the Lowlands."

He set his breast and away he did swim,
In the Netherlands ;
Until he came to the false Gallaly,
Sailing in the Lowlands.

He had an augur fit for the nonce
In the Netherlands ;
The which will bore
Fifteen good holes at once,
Sailing in the Lowlands.

Some were at cards, and some at dice,
In the Netherlands ;
Until the salt water flashed in their eyes,
Sailing in the Lowlands.

Some cut their hats, and some their caps,
In the Netherlands ;
For to stop the salt-water gaps,
Sailing in the Lowlands.

He set his breast and away did swim,
In the Netherlands ;
Until he came to his own ship again,
Sailing in the Lowlands.

"I have done the work I promised to do
In the Netherlands ;
For I have sunk the false Gallaly,
And released the Sweet Trinity,
Sailing in the Lowlands.

"You promis'd me gold, and you promis'd me fee,
In the Netherlands ;
Your eldest daughter my wife she must be,
Sailing in the Lowlands."

nonce, occasion.

"You shall have gold, and you shall have fee,
In the Netherlands;
But my eldest daughter your wife shall never be,
Sailing in the Lowlands."

"Then fare you well, you cozening Lord,
In the Netherlands;
Seeing you are not as good as your word,
For sailing in the Lowlands."

And thus shall I conclude my song
Of the sailing in the Lowlands;
Wishing happiness to all seamen, old and young,
In their sailing in the Lowlands.

The Yorkshire Horse-dealer

Near to Clapham town-gate lived an old Yorkshire tike,
Who in dealing in horseflesh had ne'er met his like;
'Twas his pride that in all the hard bargains he'd hit,
He'd bit a great many, but never been bit.

town-gate, high road.

This old Tommy Tavers (by that name he was known),
Had an old carrion bit that was sheer skin and bone;
To have killed him for the curs would have been quite as well,
But 'twas Tommy's opinion he'd die of himsel'.

Well! one Abey Muggins, a neighbouring cheat,
Thought to diddle old Tommy would be a great treat;
He'd a horse, too, 'twas worse than old Tommy's, you see,
Fortnight afore that he'd thought proper to dee!

Thinks Abey, th' old codger'll never smoke t' trick,
I'll swop with him my poor dead horse for his quick,
And if Tommy I nobbut can happen to trap,
'Twill be a fine feather in Aberram cap.

So to Tommy he goes and to Tommy he pops:
"Between my horse and thine, prithee, Tommy, what swops?
What will give me to boot? for mines t' better horse still!"
"Nought," says Tommy, "I'll swop even hands, an ye will."

nobbut, only.

Abbey preached a long time about something to
boot,
Insisting that his was the liveliest brute ;
But Tommy stuck fast where he first had begun,
Till Abey shook hands, and said, " Well Tommy,
done."

" O ! Tommy," said Abey, " I'se sorry for thee,
I thought thou'd a hadden more white in thy ee;
Good luck's in thy bargain, for my horse is
dead "—
" Hey," says Tommy, " my lad, so is mine, an' it's
flayed."

So Tommy got t' better of t' bargain, a vast,
And came off with a Yorkshireman's triumph at
last ;
For though 'twixt dead horses there's not much
to choose
Yet Tommy was richer by the hide and four
shoes.

Widdicombe Fair

"Tom Pearse, Tom Pearse, lend me your grey mare,
All along, down along, out along, lee ;
For I want for to go to Widdicombe fair,
Wi' Bill Brewer, Jan Stewer, Peter Gurney,
Peter Davy, Dan'l Whiddon,
Harry Hawk, Old Uncle Tom Cobbleigh and all,"
Old Uncle Tom Cobbleigh and all.

"And when shall I see again my grey mare ?"
All along, &c.
"By Friday soon, or Saturday noon,"
Wi' Bill Brewer, &c.

Then Friday came, and Saturday noon,
All along, &c.
But Tom Pearse's old mare hath not trotted home,
Wi' Bill Brewer, &c.

So Tom Pearse he got up to the top o' the hill,
All along, &c.
And he see'd his old mare down a-making her will
Wi' Bill Brewer, &c.

So Tom Pearse's old mare, her took sick and died,
All along, &c.
And Tom he sat down on a stone, and he cried
Wi' Bill Brewer, &c.

And now that Tom Pearse's old grey mare is dead
All along, &c.
They all did agree that she should be buried
Wi' Bill Brewer, &c.

But this isn't the end o' this shocking affair,
All along, &c.
Nor, though they be dead, of the horrid career
Of Bill Brewer, &c.

When the wind whistles cold on the moor of a night,
All along, &c.
Tom Pearse's old mare doth appear, gashly white,
Wi' Bill Brewer, &c.

And all the long night be heard skirling and groans,
All along, down along, out along, lee;
From Tom Pearse's old mare in her rattling bones,
And from Bill Brewer, Jan Stewer, Peter Gurney, Peter Davy, Dan'l Whiddon,
Harry Hawk, Old Uncle Tom Cobbleigh and all,
Old Uncle Tom Cobbleigh and all.

Lazarus

As it fell out upon one day,
Rich Diverus he made a feast ;
And he invited all his friends,
And gentry of the best.
And it fell out upon one day,
Poor Lazarus he was so poor,
He came and laid him down and down,
Ev'n down at Diverus' door.

So Lazarus laid him down and down,
Ev'n down at Diverus' door ;
" Some meat, some drink, brother Diverus,
Do bestow upon the poor."
" Thou art none of mine, brother Lazarus,
Lying begging at my door,
No meat, no drink will I give thee,
Nor bestow upon the poor."

Then Lazarus laid him down and down,
Ev'n down at Diverus' wall ;
" Some meat, some drink, brother Diverus,
Or surely starve I shall."
" Thou art none of mine, brother Lazarus,
Lying begging at my wall ;
No meat, no drink will I give thee,
And therefore starve thou shall."

Then Lazarus laid him down and down,
Ev'n down at Diverus' gate ;
"Some meat, some drink, brother Diverus,
For Jesus Christ his sake."
"Thou art none of mine, brother Lazarus,
Lying begging at my gate,
No meat, no drink will I give thee,
For Jesus Christ his sake."

Then Diverus sent his merry men all,
To whip poor Lazarus away ;
They had not power to whip one whip,
But threw their whips away.
Then Diverus sent out his hungry dogs,
To bite poor Lazarus away ;
They had not power to bite one bite,
But licked his sores away.

And it fell out upon one day,
Poor Lazarus he sickened and died ;
There came two angels out of heaven,
His soul thereto to guide.
"Rise up, rise up, brother Lazarus,
And come along with me,
There is a place prepared in heaven,
For to sit upon an angel's knee."

And it fell out upon one day,
Rich Diverus sickened and died ;
There came two serpents out of hell
His soul thereto to guide.

"Rise up, rise up, brother Diverus,
And come along with me;
There is a place prepared in hell,
For to sit upon a serpent's knee."

≈ The Gay Lady that went to Church

THERE was a lady all skin and bone;
Sure such a lady was never known:
It happen'd upon a certain day,
This lady went to church to pray.

When she came to the church stile,
There she did rest a little while;
When she came to the church yard,
There the bells so loud she heard.

When she came to the church door,
She stopt to rest a little more;
When she came the church within,
The parson pray'd 'gainst pride and sin.

On looking up, on looking down,
She saw a dead man on the ground;
And from his nose unto his chin,
The worms crawl'd out, the worms crawl'd in.

Then she unto the parson said,
"Shall I be so when I am dead?"
"O yes! O yes," the parson said,
"You will be so when you are dead."
Here the lady screams.

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